

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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PLEASE DO NOT LITTER YOUR VILLAGE

THE HIGH SCHOOL HAS A NEW HOME

MELBOURNE GIRLS AND THEIR GOOD FORTUNE

The Wrangle For a Capital Has
a Happy Ending

FATE OF A GOVERNMENT HOUSE

By an Australian Correspondent

It is possible that there are no happier schoolgirls than those of Melbourne, for when they went back to school last term they went to a magnificent building once occupied by the Governor-General of Australia. This is the story of their good fortune.

Each State in Australia has its own governor, but at the head of them all is the Governor-General. Years ago the people of Australia built for him a residence off St Kilda Road, Melbourne, which travellers from overseas say is one of the loveliest city roads in the world.

Glories of Government House

From this road, with its three great divisions for traffic, its lawns and avenues of poplars, elms, and plane trees, the drive sweeps up through paddocks to Government House. The great building, with 350 rooms, stands four storeys high, and all round it are rose gardens, sunken gardens, shady walks through avenues, grass tennis courts, stone steps and terraces. Here the Governor-General lived with his staff for the five years of his term of office. Here the most notable people who visited the land were entertained. There was heart-burning over the invitations to this place, for it was a great honour to be invited.

It was a rare pleasure too, for the ballroom, bigger than the ballroom of Buckingham Palace, has a superb floor of kauri boards. Here the Prince of Wales stayed when he visited Australia, and the room in which he slept is still known as the Prince's Room. Here the Duke of York stayed when he opened the first Federal Parliament at Canberra.

Origin of Canberra

Canberra is a city built in a wilderness; it is in a lovely valley of the hills of New South Wales, and it is there for no other reason than jealousy. Victoria wanted the Governor-General to live in her capital of Melbourne and the Federal Parliament to meet in her city, but Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, wanted the same privileges; and these two States wrangled like a dog with a bone. It was settled finally that the capital should be in New South Wales but that it should be over a hundred miles from Sydney.

For many years the Federal Government met in Melbourne because there was not money enough to build the capital city, to be called Canberra, but finally the money was raised, millions

The Prize-Winner



This seven-year-old girl is very proud of her pony, which won the first prize in a show. And the pony looks so proud that we might imagine he also is aware of his distinction.

and millions, and a wonderful city was built in the hills where once had been an old stone church and the homesteads of sheep runs and stations. A beautiful home was built for the Governor-General, and an ugly Parliament House put up.

When the time came for the Federal Parliament to shift to Canberra the Governor-General was not anxious to leave Melbourne for the quietness of Canberra, and for months Australians maintained a Government House in Melbourne and Canberra too. This can no longer be done, and the Governor-General must live at Canberra; so that in Melbourne there has been a mansion To Let, a mansion of 350 rooms.

What was to be done with this great place? The gardeners were kept on, the flowers bloomed and died, and nobody but the gardeners saw them, for the great iron gates were locked. Silence fell on the rooms of Government House; felt was laid on the floor of the ballroom; white covers draped the furniture in the reception rooms; the old mahogany

and rosewood furniture was heaped into corners; Persian rugs were taken up, and where once footmen and butlers and white-clad maids had trod two women in capacious aprons dusted and polished and talked of vanished glories.

Somebody suggested that Government House should remain as it was; somebody else suggested that it should be turned into a great Art Gallery. But it was the Government of Victoria who decided, and they resolved that it should become the home of the girls of Melbourne High School, one of the biggest schools controlled by the Government of Victoria. For many years they have had an old building for school and the parents have begged for a new one. In Australia children are given wonderful opportunities, and the Government in no way considers it too great a sacrifice to turn this fine building into a school for girls.

So that something good comes out of this wrangling for a capital, after all.

We wish the High School a long and happy life in its new home.

THE PLIGHT OF THE NORTH

SOUTHERN ENGLAND MUCH BETTER OFF

Remarkable Contrast Between
the North and South

FORTUNATE LONDON

The contrast between the North of England and the South in unemployment is very great.

This follows from the fact that the big manufacturing industries, which have mainly suffered in the present depression, are situated in the North.

There is a striking contrast between Lancashire and London. Although there are nearly 1,700,000 people in London insured against unemployment the number of unemployed is 182,500, less than 11 per cent.

In Lancashire, on the other hand, nearly one insured person in three is out of work. Yorkshire has 27 per cent unemployed, Northumberland 25 per cent, Durham 34 per cent, and Cheshire 28 per cent.

The Prosperous South

The number of insured people in Lancashire is 1,833,000 and 559,000 are out of work.

Yorkshire is almost as bad, having 346,000 unemployed in a population having 1,306,000 insured persons.

So comparatively fortunate is the South of England that if we take 21 counties in South and South-East England we find that the number of insured is 4,114,000, while the number of unemployed is 557,000. This figure is big enough, but by comparison with the troubles of the North it looks quite small, for Lancashire alone has 559,000 persons out of work. The fact that 21 southern counties, including London, have fewer unemployed than are to be found in the single county of Lancashire brings home to us the comparative prosperity of the South.

Effect of New Industries

And this contrast obtains although manufacturing industry has been rapidly growing in the South. The explanation is that the new industries which have sprung up in the South are not so much afflicted by the world depression as our old staple industries of coal, iron and steel, cotton and wool, and shipbuilding, which are largely concentrated in the North.

It is unfortunate for the country that this curious disparity in unemployment exists. England is ruled from its capital, and London exhibits so few signs of adversity that those living in it are apt sadly to misunderstand the true position of the country.

How easily one could walk in Oxford Street or Regent Street and never dream that the nation as a whole has two millions of unemployed!

WEALTH COMING TO HUDSON BAY

REAL DELIGHT FROM A TRAPPER'S HUT

Old Books Worth Their Weight in Gold

BEST STORY OF ALL

A strange piece of news comes from Hudson Bay. In the trapper's wooden houses on that wintry shore there are many valuable books some worth about £3000 a copy.

Dealers in old books go treasure-hunting in ancient country mansions, but who ever thought of looking for precious first editions in a trapper's hut?

It was an engineer in that frozen region who first noticed the books and wrote to a Toronto dealer about them.

Unexpected Fortunes

For two centuries men have gone to the snowy wilderness round Hudson Bay to get valuable furs, and among them have been men of all sorts, some who liked to read and some who could only whittle a stick in the long stormy evenings. But most of them were glad to forget their loneliness by losing themselves in a novel, and so friends gave them Sir Walter Scott's new three-volume story to take to Hudson Bay, or Mr Dickens's Pickwick. A very funny book, that Pickwick, and no doubt many a trapper has said it was worth its weight in gold. Now that is true, for first editions are worth about £3000.

How the trader would have stared if he could have been told that the very finest pelt he ever got was worth less than the little old story book!

It is pleasant to think of the unexpected fortunes that are coming to the humble inheritors of those aged first editions.

See World Map

A WEATHER TRAGEDY

Flocks of Little Singers Perish

The melting snows on the Continent, especially in Alsace, Switzerland, and the Black Forest, reveal a great tragedy.

The ground is covered with thousands of little feathered bodies, chiefly finches, robins, tits, larks, and other migrants.

They had left the South for their summer quarters in Germany, Scandinavia, and England when the severe blizzards overtook them. Many perished at once, but large flocks turned into the sheltered Swiss valleys, where hundreds of thousands died of cold and hunger.

The people who live in the regions round Basle saw huge compact flocks which puzzled them, for they looked more like the clouds of locusts which trouble Africa so much. They usually fly at night, but were forced by weather conditions to travel by day. Ornithologists who are now examining the countless dead believe that so many little songsters have perished that it will take years to fill their depleted ranks.

THE WORLD'S COTTON

The world's cotton industry has an International Federation, which carefully collects particulars about the industry in all countries.

The Federation shows that at the end of January short time was being worked in all great cotton-using countries.

In 1913 the whole world had 143,000 cotton spindles, of which 55,600 were British. In 1930 the world's spindles had risen to 164,000, and the British spindles had fallen to 55,200. Britain still possesses the largest number of the world's spindles, and we can understand therefore why cotton depression hits her so badly. We have most to lose in cotton.

Turkey has its first woman surgeon. Suad Hanem, a young married woman, having passed the examination for her diploma with exceptional brilliance.

THE MAN WHO LOVED LOUIS KOSSUTH

Tragic Story of Hungary's Struggle for Liberty

LETTERS THAT BEGAN A REVOLUTION

A touching notice has appeared in the In Memoriam column of The Times:

In loving memory of Martin Diósy, secretary to Louis Kossuth, 1848, died in London, March 21, 1892.

Diósy must have been a loyal and selfless man whose proudest memory was that he once served the leader of the Hungarian Revolution; now someone who loved Diósy keeps alive his boast.

There have been many famous letters, but perhaps Kossuth's were the only ones which began a revolution.

When Hungary groaned under Austrian tyranny and the Government refused to allow printed reports of debates in the National Diet young Kossuth used to write long newsletters to his patron Count Hunyady, giving him accounts of the speeches.

Deputy Kossuth had no vote, but his pen was better. The letters were handed about and fired their readers with Kossuth's enthusiasm for liberty.

Thrown Into Prison

Again and again the Government tried to suppress them, and at last they threw their writer into prison for a year. Then they tried him for treason and condemned him to four more years of imprisonment.

But Kossuth only came out of prison to fight for liberty again, and soon he became the most popular man in Hungary. He sought for reform under the Emperor, and when that failed he declared that the perjured House of Hapsburg was excluded from the throne. Kossuth became president of the Hungarian Republic.

Russia sent her armies to help the Austrians to crush the revolt, and once more Hungary was forced to her knees.

Kossuth had to fly, and died in exile. But he had blazed a trail toward liberty for others to follow, and to many he is the greatest of Hungarian patriots.

Among the hero-worshippers no doubt was Martin Diósy, who must have loved England as Kossuth loved her, and has left in England someone who keeps alive the memory of his service.

BY AIR TO THE CAPE

The Elephant Calls

The new Imperial Airways route to the Cape will be full of interest.

For the time being passengers are not to be carried beyond Khartoum, but by degrees they will be carried to Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, and South Africa. The very heart of the big game reserves will be crossed, and passengers will have the privilege of seeing wild animals in their natural surroundings.

They will fly over sea, desert, mountains, lakes, and much unexplored jungle. Guest-houses have had to be built and staffed in the most out-of-the-way places, and food and comfort will be of a high standard. By June the service will have been extended to the Cape, and the fare will be £130 from the Haymarket in London to Cape Town, including all meals. This journey will be eleven days shorter than the sea route, which costs from £90 to £100. The aerodrome at Juba is regularly visited by a huge elephant, who is quite placid during his friendly call!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ithuriel	Ith-u-re-el
Kauri	Kah-oo-re
Kivu	Kee-voe
Præsepe	Preh-se-pe
Yssel	I-sell

EDGWARE WILL NOT FORGET

THE DOCTOR HEROIC

A Life Among the Poor and on Gallipoli

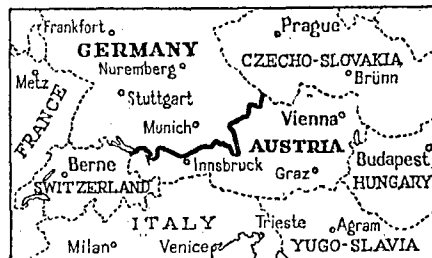
THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

Dr Findlater, the beloved physician of Edgware, has died at 70.

It is hard to say whether he deserves to be honoured most for his conduct in war, which won him the D.S.O., or for his behaviour in peace, which gained him the people's love.

Before a Liberal Government introduced National Health Insurance the lot of poor people in sickness was pitiful. Dr Alexander Findlater used to treat the sick poor of Edgware for nothing, and often, when his patient was young, he would order milk and tell the dairy to send the bill to him. He was so kind and jolly that his visits did more good than medicine, and he never grumbled at being called from his bed. But woe-betide the person, rich or poor, who gave way to imaginary ills! The good doctor believed in courage.

When the war came he proved that he had plenty of courage himself. He



The thick line shows the customs barrier between Germany and Austria which it is proposed to abolish. See page 7

joined the London Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance, and in spite of being a middle-aged man served from 1914 to 1917, displaying, in the words of the Gazette, conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on several occasions.

It was on September 29, 1915, at Chocolate Hill on Gallipoli, that he insisted on going to the rescue of two wounded men under heavy shell fire. Though he had to cross over 200 yards of open ground, offering himself as a target to the enemy, he succeeded in reaching the men. One was beyond help, but he saved the other.

Back to Edgware he came with a D.S.O., and it was a better Edgware than he had known in the days before Health Insurance. The Government now gave him an income for treating those he had once treated free, but if there had been no such thing as a panel he would have gone on visiting the poor. He cared nothing for money and everything for his duty to the suffering.

Edgware will not forget him.

TOO MUCH KINEMA

We Cannot Afford It

We take this from a speech Canon Child of St Helens has been making in that town.

On Saturday nights the main streets of this town are crowded with people waiting to enter the kinemas. One afternoon, in mid-week, I saw the streets filled with people waiting outside the picture-houses. There is something wrong with our life when that is possible.

Too much money, time, and thought are being given to that side of life. There is no man, woman, or girl in St Helens who can afford the time as well as the money to go two or three times a week to kinemas. There are the common duties of the home, study, and objects of life to be done, apart from the obvious deterioration of character where there is not too much care about what is presented on the screen.

THE TREASURE OF THE OXUS

ROMANCE OF A CENTRAL ASIA DISCOVERY

Armlet That May Have Belonged to Alexander

MASTER CRAFTSMAN'S WORK

The death of that gallant soldier Colonel Francis C. Burton recalls a story which should add to the interest of our next visit to the British Museum.

When he was Chief Political Officer of the Khurd Kabul Area there came to him one day some fifty years ago a little party of traders in great distress.

They said that someone had chanced upon a golden ornament half buried in the sands of the Oxus River, and with the help of other men had dug up more treasure of the same kind. The traders had been offered these things and purchased them, but the story of their golden wares flew too quickly. As they were passing through the Khyber Pass they were attacked by thieves and only managed to escape with their lives.

Captured in a Cave

If Burton had had a red-tape mind it is unlikely that the traders would ever have seen their treasure again. But the young Englishman did not wait to write a report or have luncheon. Instantly calling together his policemen he followed hot upon the heels of the robbers, found their trail while it was fresh, and captured them in a cave where they were dividing the spoil.

The traders were overwhelmed with joy and surprise when they saw the treasure again, and they begged Colonel Burton to accept an armlet as a token of their gratitude. He took it lest they should think him ungracious, and they set off again to find a market for their precious wares, which became famous as the Treasure of the Oxus.

Could the armlet truly be of gold? Yes! and it had been beautifully worked by some master craftsman. Everybody who saw it admired it, and experts said it was of great antiquity. Burton finally offered it to the British Museum, and it was bought for £1000.

A Tragic Bride

Some of the other ornaments rejoined the bracelet in the museum, where a booklet about them was issued.

What is the history of the treasure? Some people believe that it belonged to Alexander the Great, and was buried during his conquest of that region.

We can dream if we like that the armlet was Alexander's gift to Roxana, his lovely and tragic Asian bride. She was so proud to be the mother of the conqueror's son, and with that young son she was slain by one who desired the crown.

We can be certain of two things: that the armlet and its companion ornaments are of great age and beauty, and that they have been saved for us by a wonderful piece of good fortune.

THINGS SAID

Fear is the greatest disease of modern civilisation. Sir Herbert Barker

English is the most vital of all living languages. The Spanish Ambassador

I worked before the Sun was up and after the Moon was up.

Sir David Murray, R.A., at 82

People of every age are taking classes in everything; we have 150,000 in our evening schools.

Sir John Gilbert of the L.C.C.

I am often addressed Bishop Swansea, Esq., but the income-tax officials have addressed me as Messrs Swansea and Brecon. Bishop of Swansea and Brecon

April 11, 1931

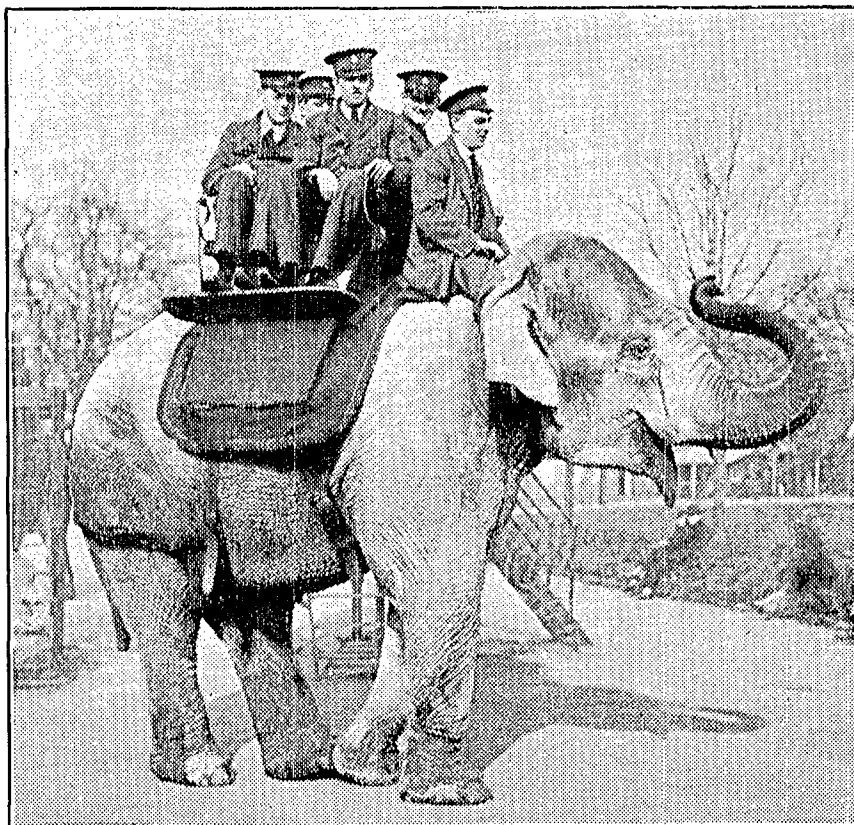
The Children's Newspaper

3

ROMAN BRITAIN · ARTIST AND THE CROCODILES · A SPRING HARVEST



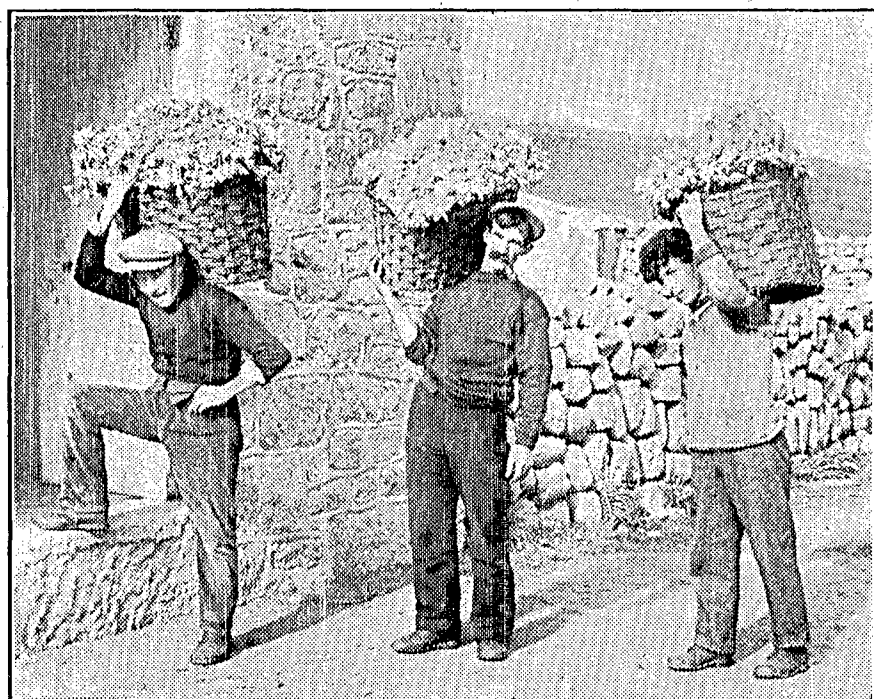
The End of the Giants—It is always a sad sight to witness the felling of trees. These splendid beech trees are being cut down at Ashridge Park in Hertfordshire.



The Rehearsal—Keepers at the London Zoo are here seen riding on one of the elephants to accustom it to its work of carrying children. During the summer this elephant will give delight to many thousands of young people.



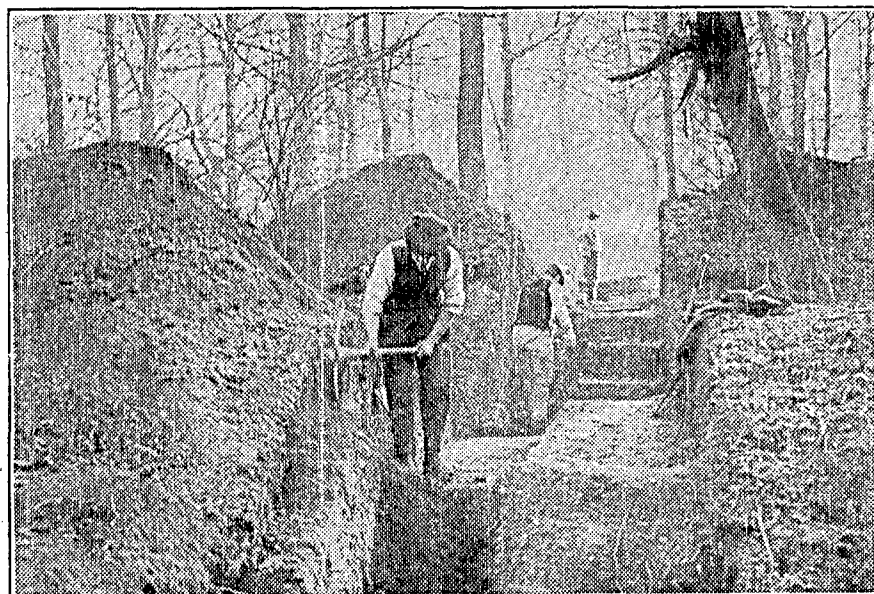
Artist's Queer Task—Mr P. E. Tozer, an artist who has been renovating the scenery in the crocodile den at the London Zoo, found it necessary to keep a sharp look-out.



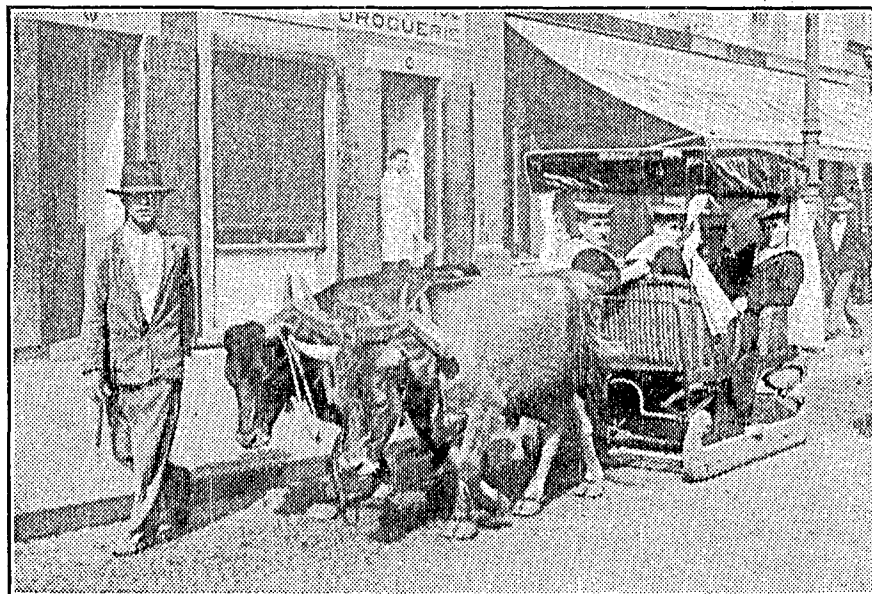
A Spring Harvest—Springtime is a busy season in the Scilly Isles. These men are carrying baskets of daffodils into a packing-house where the blooms are placed in boxes for transit.



On the Hilltop—This beautiful picture was taken at Reigate when some Saluki hounds were out for their morning exercise. Salukis are a breed of greyhound from Western Asia.



In Search of Roman Britain—Excavations are being made near St Albans in search of further remains of the old Roman city of Verulamium, which was destroyed by Boadicea.



Leisurely Transport—When their ships called at Madeira these British sailors enjoyed seeing the sights from one of the quaint ox-drawn sleighs which are a feature of the island.

HOW BRITAIN PAYS HER WAY

CONFIDENCE IN OUR SOLVENCY

The Big Gap Between Our Exports and Imports

VALUE OF THE WORLD'S FAITH IN US

The methods by which Britain pays her way in her dealings with the world at large are both important and interesting. Our imports are always very much bigger than our exports. How, then, do we meet the balance?

In 1930 our imports came to 1140 million pounds and our exports came to 748 millions, so that our imports were bigger than our exports by 392 millions.

We met the balance chiefly in three ways: by shipping earnings, by interest received from abroad, and by banking work done for people abroad.

Shipping Earnings

The first thing mentioned is very important. Our ships in 1930 earned 105 millions. They did this not only by carrying goods to and from this country but also by carrying goods between places abroad. A very large share of the shipping work of the world is done by British ships, and we see what a great part this revenue plays in paying our way. Shipping is one of the first of British interests.

Another large part of the balance is paid off by the interest received on British investments in foreign countries and the British Dominions.

It is estimated that something like 3500 millions are invested in this way and that last year they brought in a revenue of about 235 millions. Thus we account for another large part of the balance to be met.

The third big source of revenue consists of payment for banking work done on foreign account. An enormous amount of work is done by British banks for foreign and colonial firms in dealing with bills of exchange and various financial commissions. In 1930, it is estimated, as much as 55 millions was earned in this way.

In the Eyes of the World

This important item is a tribute to our solvency, and we see how necessary it is that nothing should be done to impair the credit of the country in the eyes of the world. Fortunately British finance in the past has always been of such a character as to inspire complete confidence. If that confidence were lost the 55 millions of banking earnings would quickly vanish.

Other miscellaneous items come to a further 36 millions.

If we add these four things together we get 431 millions' worth of earnings apart from the value of our exports, which were last year worth 748 millions. Thus we get a total due to us of 1179 millions, or 39 millions more than was necessary to pay for our imports, which, as stated above, totalled 1140 millions.

If these figures seem enormous, as indeed they are, let us reflect on the multitude of transactions large and small which go to form them. In each working day Britain transacts a mass of business which would have seemed wonderful in a year of work a few centuries ago. We have much more to do yet if we are to advance to a higher standard of national life and achievement.

Anybody giving five piastres to a beggar in Constantinople may be fined 100 piastres.

The Green Cross Society (47, Victoria Street, S.W.1), which protects wild flowers and plants roadside trees, has packets of wild flower seeds to distribute to those who will use them well.

THE GARDENS OF THE POOR

Things to See From a Railway Window

LITTLE PATCHES OF HOPE SLOWLY TURNING GREEN

They are springing up in the dingiest, greyest stretches in London—a few miles that lie between Latimer Road and Wood Lane Stations on the Metropolitan Railway. This area is at first sight so ugly that the traveller thinks how much nicer it would be to go underground than to be carried along in places of such excessive dreariness.

Then, at one part, where the desolation seems greatest, where you look out on a waste of ruined factory ground, you begin to see the gardens lying close up to the line. They are called by that ugly word Allotments. There are scores of them, wedged in that miserable valley and saving it from misery.

Between the Branching Metals

These square little patches of hope are slowly turning green, mocking the ugliness of the background and the dust of travel as the daffodils in Piccadilly Circus mocked the rains and the bitter winds. The train presently runs high above the plots and leaves them behind before one has had time to smile on them enough and count what is growing, see what is promising.

Soon there is another thing to smile upon. Just before the train runs into Hammersmith there is another little garden—two beds carefully made between two sets of branching metals where some six yards by four might be left for clinker and refuse to collect. Those precious yards have been turned into a garden. Someone has raked the soil beautifully, ready for seed; or perhaps the seed is there. A row of flints neatly borders these pleasant enclosures.

Brightness Amid a Sordid Waste

There could not have been a happier thought than to make that dingy little desert blossom like the rose. Thousands of eyes will see it turning green, flowering, thousands of hearts be made glad by the little bed of brightness amid a sordid waste.

It seemed almost worth while to go back to King's Cross and make the journey again just to see those patches of hope and to imagine the people who tend them, thankful in their hearts for the lengthening days.

GOOD FOR THE FINNS

Girls of Finland are no longer allowed to do the heavy work of loading and discharging vessels trading between Finland and foreign ports. The Act forbidding this came into force on New Year's Day this year and benefits all women under 21.

Girls under 18 in the United States will no longer be employed on night work in cotton mills when the plan which came into force last month has had three years in which to take full effect. Three-quarters of the whole industry will abolish this night work between now and next spring.

In Latvia a women's committee is inquiring into the conditions of labour of women workers, of whom there is a very large number throughout the country.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of James II silver cups . . .	£3038
Silver dinner service	£1132
A silver inkstand, 1716	£697
A Chippendale chair	£121
Silver beaker, 1657	£99
Old silver water jug and bowl . .	£91
William and Mary salver	£67
The Duke of Wellington's gold eye-glasses and a black and gold snuff box with a panel of his hair was sold for £33.	

THE FLYING PARSON

A Man Who Braved the Crocodiles

Only a few months ago the C.N. published an account of the first aeroplane flown by a clergyman in Australia while visiting his parishioners.

Another aeroplane is now being taken to Australia by the Rev P. Kirkly, head of the Bush Church Aid, which goes to the help, physical, mental, and spiritual, of the scattered white families in the back blocks of the Bush.

Hitherto Mr Kirkly has shared the first aeroplane with Mr Daniels, the pioneer flying padre, but he was badly in need of one of his own, and will now be able to make regular visits to the isolated workers in his huge parish.

A Kind of Huge Venice

In Southern Nigeria the Rev J. W. Hubbard overcomes the difficulties of transport while visiting his thousand-square-mile parish in the Isoko country by going down rivers and creeks and even across country by motor-boat. During half the year the floods make his parish a kind of huge Venice, and the villages are built on little hills, many of which are artificial.

An African Christian in another part of Nigeria has brought about a remarkable mass movement toward Christianity in the Isoko country. As a result of his fine preaching nearly twenty thousand of these people have become Christians in spite of the fact that at first there were much persecution and many martyrdoms.

Later on, after the war, the people asked the C.M.S. to send them white missionaries. The first man sent out broke down. Two others died. But in spite of the climate of this swampy country five missionaries, three men and two women, who have lately arrived, are persistently carrying on the work.

An Exciting Adventure

Mr Hubbard, who is a clever engineer as well as a padre, tells how once he was taking a short cut in his motor-launch through a creek and got on to a sand-bank. He reversed the engine, but nothing happened; so the boys and he got out and pushed. Suddenly the boat got into deep water; the engine was still going and she began to move off rapidly, leaving them all in the water.

Mr Hubbard managed to grab hold of her gunwale but could not get on board. He shouted to the boys and one managed to swim alongside and climb on board. But he knew nothing about engines. The padre had to shout instructions from the water, and finally the boy managed to stop the boat. They were all glad to be on board again, for there were plenty of hungry crocodiles about.

Two central schools for the Isoko people have been started by Mr Hubbard and his companions, and they train their teachers, who go out into the village to start Bush schools.

ON THE EDGE OF ASIA

100,000 People Stranded

A hundred thousand White Russians belonging to the old régime are still living in Harbin, stranded thus on the edge of Asia, and most of them are in circumstances of dire poverty.

Former generals are now acting as clerks in stores, professors serve as janitors, mechanical engineers drive cars, and noblemen eke out an existence teaching languages.

But an eager, resolute spirit drives all the younger members of this stranded community to seek every possible means of obtaining education, and they are aided in this by the Y.M.C.A. established there. Mechanical and evening schools, as well as schools for younger children, have been opened, and a camp, a gymnasium, a club, Bible study classes, and a library of twelve thousand books are in full swing.

ERIK EKMAN

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

The Man Who Lived Among Flowers and Books

SWEDEN LOSES A SON FAR AWAY

A very beautiful life has come to an end in Haiti.

There was born in a poor home in Sweden 48 years ago a boy called Erik Ekman. As he grew up he loved to play out of doors, and was quite happy wandering about with a bunch of wild flowers in one hand and both eyes wide open for a glimpse of fur or feather. But when he had to go to school he worked hard and succeeded in winning his way to the university.

Then those dreamy days in the fields were justified. He wrote a botanical treatise which made him a Doctor of Philosophy and gave him a fellowship for study abroad.

Thus Ekman went to the West Indies. There he lived the life of a saint, denying himself all worldly comforts, but quite happy without them.

Famous Without Caring

He dressed like a native labourer in a cheap shirt and trousers, ate plants and fruits, drank brook water, and slept in a shed. Always he was searching among the leaves for new beauties, and he sent thousands of rare specimens to the State Museum of Science in Sweden. He became famous without caring.

The natives grew to love this gentle and unworldly man. They talked to him of things they did not tell other white men, and people said that he had immense influence over them. From time to time he was asked to use this influence for political propaganda, but he always refused.

So he kept his friendships unstained, and passed his years happily among flowers and books and simple men. Now comes news that he has died in a Santiago hospital. His life was too short, but what it lacked in length was made up by joy.

He, who might have been condemned to live in a city, lived in the open air, and he asked nothing more.

JULIET'S HOME IN DANGER

The Capulet Mansion Now a Block of Flats

One of the most romantic houses in the world is in danger, and masons are at work strengthening its old walls.

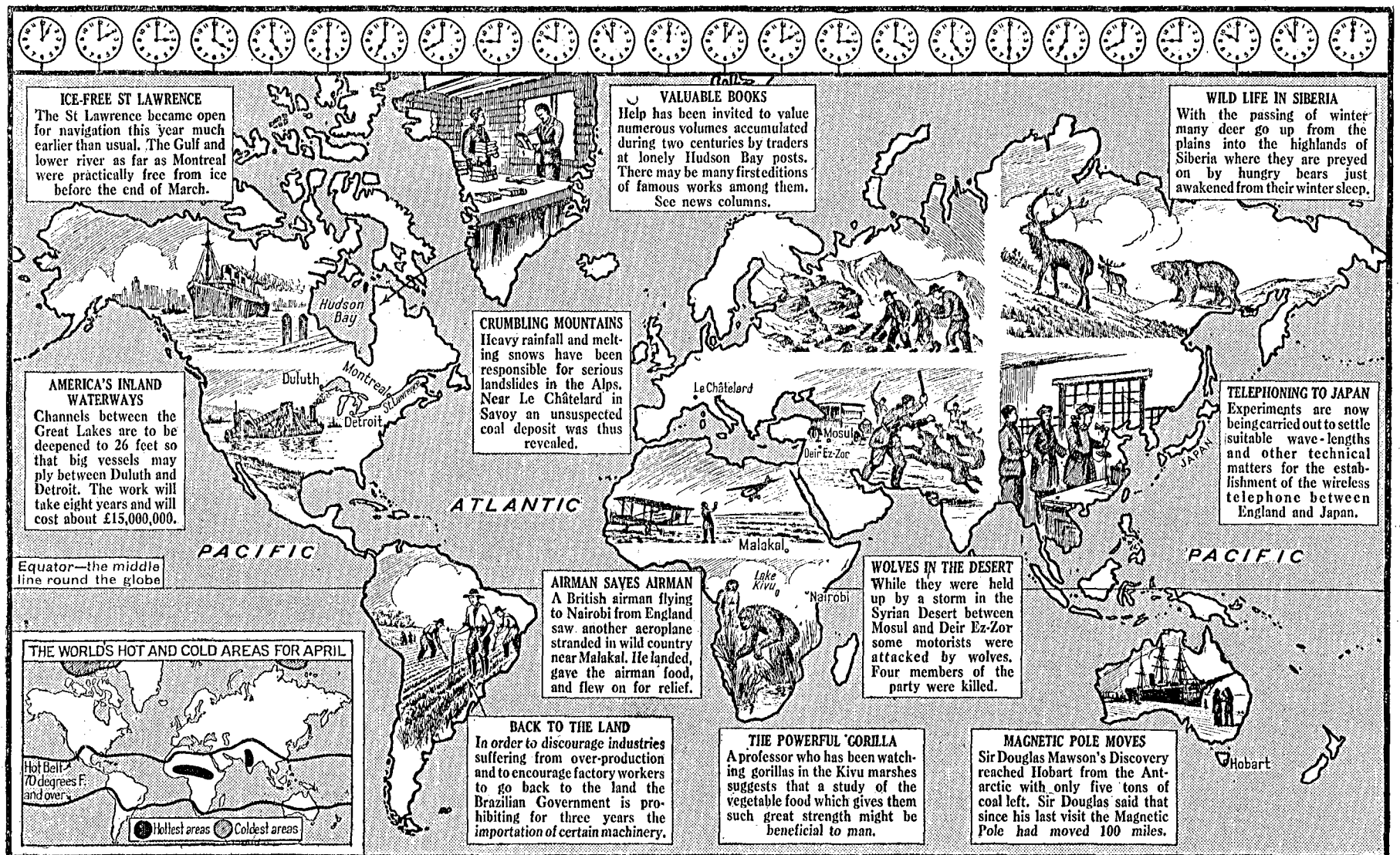
It stands in the Via Capello in Verona, and there in the fourteenth century lived the maiden whose love story became more famous than any other in history, for the reason that Shakespeare told it.

From this old house Juliet stole away to marry her young lover, and here he came to see her at the risk of his life. Juliet's house has appeared on almost every stage in Europe, and artists have painted it from imagination again and again. But this is the real thing—as far as the front of the house goes, at any rate.

During the passing of centuries the inside has been altered so often that it is no longer interesting, and at present the mansion of the Capulets is a block of flats. There used to be a public stable at the end of the orchard whose wall Romeo climbed, but lovers of literature clamoured until it was closed, and now they are clamouring to have the flat-dwellers turned out like the horses and mules. They wish the house to become a museum.

Perhaps this plan will come to nothing; but at any rate the old front has now been made safe, and we can still gaze upon the house of the Capulets as Romeo saw it on that night of torches and masks when guests were flocking to a feast and he followed unbidden.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



Public opinion is determined that Aunt Sally shall go.

Ever since the world's worst invention in unnecessary ugliness sprang up everywhere like a fungoid growth to ruin the appearance of our Little Treasure Island the C.N. has steadily protested against these shouting horrors called Petrol Pumps.

That a new beauty can grow out of a new need is proved by the prize-winning designs at an exhibition lately held in London by the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors of 150 competition designs for a model Petrol-Filling and Service Station suitable for a rural district.

The design by which Mr J. Dower won the first prize is easily the most promising of any we have seen. Simplicity is its chief attraction. The petrol station consists of a central block with two wings for the oil-stores and repair shop, and with effective green painted woodwork against the lime-washed brick. The seven pumps, arranged in pairs, are enclosed in cylinders painted cream to match the building, and they do not stand up against space like the monstrosities we see too often. Their reinforced concrete stanchions support the canopy of the filling bay, and the effect is restful instead of irritating.

Mr Dower has not forgotten that a petrol station must be conspicuous, and to attract attention it is proposed to paint three red bands on a central pylon and on the four cylindrical gateposts of the entrance and exit. These can be substituted by red lights at night. It will be a good idea if some national sign of this kind is adopted everywhere.

Alcohol is Bad for You

GOOD NEWS FROM TURKEY Children and the Films

All the kinema houses in Turkey have this year blossomed out with a new crop of signs.

Parents were requested to take special notice of the day on which the new law came into effect. No little ones under six are to be taken to the kinema, and all children up to twelve must arrange to go to early performances and leave the theatre by eight o'clock.

If this law is not obeyed both parents and theatre managers are subject to a fine. The law was passed because it is well known in Turkey, as elsewhere, that children need their sleep. Furthermore, it had been noticed that children were being taken to the kinemas in the most crowded hours when the stuffiness and bad air were most injurious.

HOME AGAIN

It is interesting to think that at this moment in our cold islands are many returned travellers from cruises to the West Indies who, on account of all the things they have seen in this changeable world, must look on the home lands with quite different eyes.

Among them is the veteran writer Mrs Burnett Smith, better known as Annie Swan, who has come back having bathed in the Caribbean Sea, flown over the Panama Canal, and surveyed the most gorgeous, glowing tropical islands in great heat. Yet we are glad to hear she is thankful still that her home is in Scotland among "winds austere and pure."

WHEN CHARLES DICKENS DIED

Mr Isaac Armatage, who has just died, was a page boy in Charles Dickens's house at Gad's Hill. He dashed off on horseback for a doctor on the night of Dickens's last illness.

LONDON'S HANSOM TAXI An Old Idea Comes Back

There is room for considerable improvement in London's taxis, for many older ones resemble nothing so much as large editions of clockwork toys.

But a fleet of cabs of new design will soon be plying for hire. This type has a two-seater body for passengers somewhat in the style of the old hansom cab, with curved sliding doors in front. These open on to a roomy platform on which is the driver's seat. In warm weather the doors may be left open.

The chassis of the new cab is the popular Austin Twelve and the colours of the bodywork are sky-blue and grey. They should prove a welcome addition to London's transport and add a touch of colour to the streets of the capital.

THE MURDER GOES ON

Anthony Wood, writing in 1649, mentions Bledlow and "a large deep place" called the Lyde.

This deep place or dell was until three days ago filled with splendid elm trees, which were the admiration of the country round, and attracted the attention of artists and beauty lovers from far-away districts. In spite of an urgent appeal, half the number of these trees have been cut down, and the remainder threatened. They could by no possible means have constituted a danger to the public as no roadway is near them, and at worst they could only have fallen into the dell itself. But in spite of protest, in spite of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, Bucks County Branch, this beautiful spot has been devastated.

Mr Clement O. Skilbeck

TRUNK CALLS

Trunk calls are to be speeded up. The Post Office is copying the idea of the toll call and setting aside a special wire for quick trunk service.

All that is wanted now is a quick attendant.

JAPAN'S ASTONISHING GROWTH

Gaining a Million a Year NEARING THE WHITE POPULATION OF OUR EMPIRE

Japan has now a population of nearly 66 millions.

Yet the area of the group of islands upon which the Japanese live is only 148,000 square miles, and a very large part of this is mountainous.

There are few plains of any extent. The islands are volcanic, situated as they are on one of the weak lines of the Earth's crust. That is why the Japanese build their houses lightly, so that they suffer as little as possible when the always expected earthquakes occur.

The population of Japan is now growing at the rate of nearly a million a year. Yet as recently as 1919 the growth was less than 600,000 a year. The high birth-rate is maintained while increasing attention to hygiene is rapidly lowering the death-rate.

It is very interesting to compare the British Isles with the Japanese islands. The United Kingdom, including all Ireland, has now a population of roundly 49 millions against Japan's 66 millions.

To make another illuminating comparison, the whole of the British Empire, covering one-fourth of the world's land, has a white population of roundly 70 millions, or only four millions more than that of the tiny Japanese islands!

We see how fast the world is changing. While British families have few children the Japanese have many. While the population of the United Kingdom is already in real decline, the new births being insufficient to replace the existing population, Japan is still vigorously adding to her numbers. In a few years' time the population of Japan will exceed the entire white population of the British Empire.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 11 1931

The Safe Railway and the Dangerous Street

SERIOUS accidents on our railways have happily become so infrequent that it comes as a very painful shock when we read of such a disaster as that which has befallen the Scottish express. It is a tribute to the perfection of railway engineering, and not less to the care and devotion of our railway servants, that such an accident is rare indeed. *It has become safer to travel on our railways than to walk in our streets.*

When these disasters occur we are always able to record with pride the high quality of courage they evoke. In the latest case the story of a mother and daughter bearing their suffering with fortitude is a fresh tribute to human spirit and endurance.

And good it is, too, that the newspapers devoted so much space to this unexpected event. It is a proper instinct which recognises that here is matter of supreme interest to us all. It is true that the accident was attended by surprisingly little loss of life. It seems almost impossible that thousands of tons of material, hurtling along the track at high speed and bearing a precious freight of many human lives, could come to disaster without more serious consequences.

And this brings us to a point which we venture to impress upon our newspapers. On the same Sunday that witnessed the *twelve* casualties of this railway accident *between five hundred and six hundred* casualties occurred through accidents to road vehicles, including many fatalities.

Thus on a single day of quite exceptional railway disaster there were six killed on the railway and many more on the roads, while the six injured on the railway compare with hundreds injured on the roads.

Why is it that we cannot bring home to the public this terrible contrast? *The railways are safe; the roads are unsafe.* On the railway serious accidents are almost unknown; on the roads they occur every hour. Yet the papers which quite properly give so much space to the loss of a few lives on the railway make no fuss at all about the daily loss of lives on the roads.

If one of our newspapers of large circulation would for a period of a week give half as much space as is given to a railway accident to a faithful description of road accidents, with pictures of the wreckage and the victims, there would be some hope of bringing home to the minds of the public the fearful slaughter which brings sorrow to hundreds of homes from day to day.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



For 1000 Years

THE next Budget for our national expenditure is to contain £110,000,000 for military expenses, half-a-million less than for this year.

With this sum we could pay our annual share of the cost of the League of Nations for a thousand years!

Bad News For a Garden

WE shall not have to pay the Ten Guineas we promised for sending Mr Epstein's new stone chipping to Tahiti. Somebody has bought it for his garden.

We hope the garden will have a high wall round it and will not be opened to the public. It is reported that one of these statues has begun to destroy itself on our London out-of-doors. There are obvious compensations in our climate.

What We Need

MANKIND has need of the spiritual vitamins which lie in the smell of the earth, the sight of green fields, and the sudden song of birds.

Mr Eldon Moore

An Idea From Canada

FROM Canada comes a novel suggestion for dealing with the terrible problem of unemployment now experienced in every modern country.

Mr H. W. Cater, the Mayor of Brandon, suggests that Canada should create an Unemployment Reserve Fund by setting aside every year a substantial sum, say twenty million dollars, to be invested in safe securities. When unemployment comes the fund should be utilised for public works, thus levelling-up unemployment at a time of bad trade.

As the Canadian population is about a fifth of ours, the suggested Reserve of £4,000,000 would be like setting aside £20,000,000 here. This would not be enough to meet bad trade years, but the suggestion itself seems well worth consideration.

We may add that at the present time there are about 11 per cent of the Canadian trade union workmen without employment, which means that, although Canadian conditions are bad, they are better than in the Motherland.

The Sleeping Beauty Wakes

Spring Has Come

Sunshine has melted the frozen snow, Icicles scatter (sad tears long wept!), A soft wind is blowing! Ah, truly I know

The magic of Spring from the Earth has crept.

Rivers from mountains swift-rushing come, Fresh blows the air with a tingling breath.

Voices are calling that long have been dumb:

Life has melted the heart of Death.

Estelle Fletcher

Pity the Poor Stage

FOUR plays have been withdrawn from the London stage within one week.

Give the public long enough and it will always find them out. But was there ever a time in its long history when the London stage had so little that is good to offer to London's millions of people?

Income-Tax Notes

WE have much sympathy with the taxpayer who has received an urgent notice for the payment of a penny by return of post. We hope he will pay.

We have also much sympathy with an income-tax collector we know to whom a C.N. friend had to write three times last year asking for a Demand Note, and to whom the same C.N. friend is having to ask this year that she may be allowed to pay her income tax.

It all seems very queer.

Tip-Cat

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been at a wild boar hunt. More at home, though, on a wild goose chase.

To a correspondent: The man who has a turn for music may be an organ-grinder.

WE do not believe the story of the traveller who felt sleepy when he saw a yawning chasm.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the butcher has a bone to pick with everybody

PETER PUCK has discovered a good substitute for coal. Warm weather.

A LOUD-SPEAKER heard for miles has been demonstrated in London. He was lunching in our restaurant last week.

UNEMPLOYMENT among the brains of motor-drivers appears to be increasing.

THE London policeman is to have a smarter tunic. He will now arrest more attention.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World.

A WOLVERHAMPTON lady has bequeathed £10,000 to each of three Wolverhampton hospitals.

A FRIEND of Canterbury Cathedral has given £4000 for the restoration of the old cathedral gateway.

JUST AN IDEA

Why is it that half the people throw things down in the street for other people to have to pick up? Every Litter Lout is an expense to his town.

What We Did With Our Men and Money

Not Very Long Ago

Is it not worth while to bring together these two small things appearing in the papers the other day?

One shows what we were doing not long ago with the money we want so badly now; the other shows what we were doing with the men we are now having to keep because we broke their strength.

In 24 hours, while covering the boys as they went over the top and consolidated new positions, we plugged off 2100 rounds. As each shell weighed 200 pounds, we rained nearly 200 tons of them down on poor Jerry. I only wish that the "bitter-enders" at home had been told what our battery alone cost the nation that day. At every round we fired bang went £15, and we blew away £30,000.

From the letter of a London man on his war experiences

William Brennan said Murphy and himself served together as sappers in the Royal Engineers for nearly four years in France. "We were mining and counter-mining against the Germans all the time," he said, "and sometimes we were 130 feet below the surface. We were continually being blown up, and Murphy must have had the experience about eleven times. He was a brave man, and there were many times when he could have reported sick but did not do so."

It was stated that Murphy was granted a life pension as he was suffering from shell-shock and rheumatism.

The coroner said Murphy's military record was one of which any man would be proud. "He was one of England's heroes," he said.

From an inquest on Thomas Murphy, once a miner

We commend these things to all those who grumble when we spend a few pennies on the League of Nations.

Two Boys

By the Look-About Lady

THERE was a pleasing sight the other day in a train between London Bridge and Chilworth.

Two schoolboys sat side by side in a third-class carriage. The English youth was taking the German youth home for a visit, but it was Young Germany who was instructing Young England—in the art of conjuring.

Slowly he held up a false half-crown such as magicians use and showed his friend, uttering a few rapid German phrases, how to make the half-crown vanish into air, only to be plucked afterwards out of his ankle.

As the keen countenance of the Marlborough boy bent close to that of the Munich student, and as both young faces smiled together over the illusion, those who looked on could not help thinking of another illusion: that these two nations, or any other two nations, need ever be anything but friendly to each other.

April 11, 1931

72 MILLION GERMANS AND THEIR TARIFF WALL

Pulling Down the Great Barriers to Trade

AN IMPORTANT EVENT

The announcement that Germany and Austria have agreed to form an Austro-German Customs Union, or a Zollverein, has created great interest, and it is of great importance.

A Zollverein is the union of two or more States for the purpose of collecting customs, the revenue receivable from taxes on imported goods.

All countries tax some or all of the goods which enter their ports or cross their political boundaries. At present both Germany and Austria levy such taxes. What they now propose is to cease levying taxes on each other's goods and only to tax goods coming into their boundaries from other countries. In other words, Germany and Austria propose to make themselves one country for this particular purpose.

Is it Forbidden by Treaty?

This proposed agreement at once raises very serious issues in Europe.

By Article 88 of the Treaty of Saint-Germain, which the victorious Allies compelled Austria to sign when peace was made, it was stipulated that Austria must remain an independent nation unless the League of Nations gave consent for her union with any other country. The object of this clause was to prevent Austria from joining up with Germany.

Therefore the question arises whether the new Austro-German desire to become one country for Customs purposes infringes the Treaty. France holds that it does so.

Austria, of course, is a German nation, and it is her natural desire to unite with Germany, especially as the tiny area left to her by the Peace, only 32,000 square miles, makes it very difficult for her to carry on. France, on the other hand, sees in any union between Germany and Austria a threat to herself, as, if the seven million Austrians joined with the 65 million Germans, there would be a German nation of 72 millions compared with the 40 millions of France.

The Austro-German View.

On the other hand the Austro-German view is easily understood. To pull down the tariff barrier between Austria and Germany would be good for both nations, and it is impossible to deny that the fewer tariff barriers in Europe the better. It is not at all reasonable, moreover, to suggest that by pulling down a ridiculous tariff wall a nation loses its independence.

The Germans and Austrians also urge that their proposed agreement as to Customs should be regarded as a step toward the unification of Europe, making for peace.

The proposal seems to us a great and natural step forward in the pacification of Europe, a step in the direction of Free Trade and the goodwill that comes from it. What a happy thing it would be for Europe if all its States pulled down their tariff walls!

Joseph Chamberlain's Plan

The German word Zollverein was made familiar to our fathers by Joseph Chamberlain when in 1903 he launched his famous campaign for economic union within the British Empire. His plan, however, entailed economic war with foreign countries and the surrender of the Free Trade system which has built up the prosperity of our Motherland. Our fathers had the wisdom to refuse to adopt it.

Mr Chamberlain got his idea from the long-established Customs Union between the German States, whose coalition into an Empire in the seventies was made possible more by their Free Trade than by their flaunting banners and martial successes. Indeed the

THE MAD CLOCK OF PALL MALL

MAD dog! was an old cry often heard in London streets, but those who pass down Pall Mall in these days may well be warned of the Mad Clock there.

The C.N. has already warned its readers several times of this Mad Clock, the only one in Pall Mall to tell the time to the public.

The clock is obviously willing; it tries every sort of time, but it needs the touch of a man's helping hand.

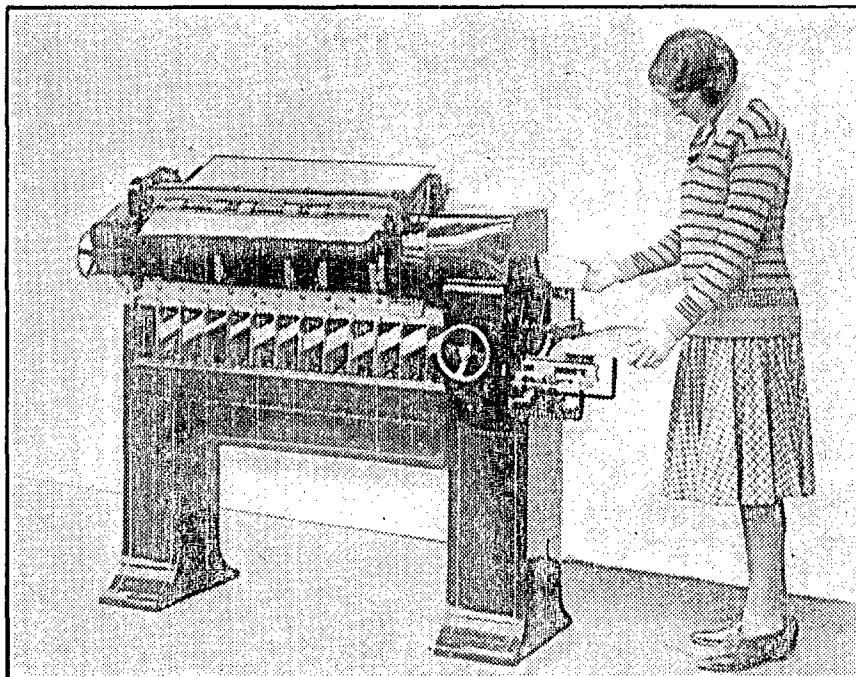
Now that Summer Time is upon us again perhaps things will come right, for it was Summer Time that upset the Mad Clock. It refused to go back when all the other clocks went back. It stuck at Summer Time for weeks. Then one of its two faces went back to normal time, the other refusing. Then one face stopped. Well on into the winter the clock re-

volted. It has never been right since Summer Time ended, and in the dark days of winter it broke down altogether. Once it made a wild effort, one set of hands starting off first, the other lagging hours behind, and now, after much wild gesticulation, the clock has thrown up all its hands in a gesture of despair, its west face pointing to noon and its east face to quarter-past three.

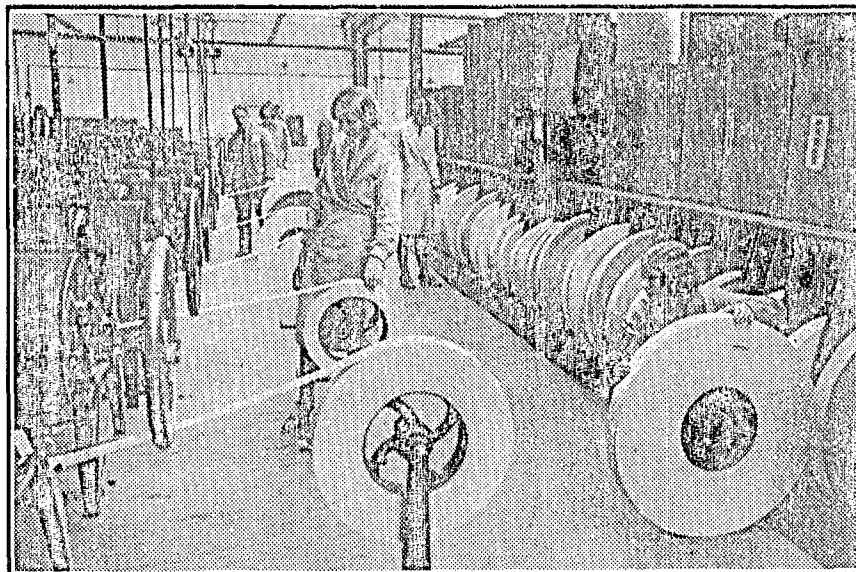
Poor Mad Clock! Will no one take pity on it and draw a cover over its two faces? Could we not have a Clock Committee of the Westminster City Council? Is it nobody's business to save mad clocks?

It seems hardly surprising that nobody takes the empty shop below, but it is truly surprising what the public will put up with in Pall Mall.

THE CENSUS ROBOT



A machine which will compile statistics from the census cards



Miles of paper being made into census cards

The census of the nation will be taken on the last Sunday of this month, and a great deal of the work is being done mechanically. Our first picture shows one of the remarkable machines in which the cards will be sorted and the information tabulated on the big sheet of paper at the top.

Continued from the previous column

Reichstag of today is in direct succession to the Zollverein of last century.

Immediately after Waterloo the petty German States saw the folly of restricting their trade by customs barriers, and the North German Confederation was formed. One by one down the century every State joined up. But this Customs Union, like Mr Chamberlain's imaginary one, raised barriers against other nations, and it is the fact that Germany and Austria now appeal to the other nations to come and join them in freeing trade which makes all the difference between the ideas of yesterday and those of today. *Map on page 2*

THE PEOPLE WHO EMIGRATE

Our citizens who emigrate belong to many callings, and it is interesting to see how they are made up.

Among the trades which chiefly supply emigrants agriculture takes a high place, in normal years furnishing more than any other calling. Then follow commercial workers.

The skilled trades furnish a large contingent — miners, quarrymen, engineers, building operatives, and metal workers accounting for many thousands.

General labourers furnish a considerable proportion, and so do transport workers and domestic servants.

STRANGE WORLD CONTRASTS

MILLIONS BEING SPENT ON LAND RECLAMATION

Enormous Overseas Areas Still Await Development

BATTLE OF THE ZUIDER ZEE

The brave work of the Dutch in enclosing their partially reclaimed Zuider Zee is progressing vigorously.

Holland has an area of only 25,790 square miles, of which about 13,000 square miles are inland waters.

The history of the country has been largely concerned with struggling to reclaim land lost to the hungry ocean. Down to about the year 1500 the sea won, but after that the Hollanders began to conquer and the land area gained on that of the sea.

The Dutch people are healthy and vigorous, and their birth-rate is still very high, being about seven per thousand greater than that of England.

Reclaiming Half-a-Million Acres

The population now approaches eight millions. Holland is, therefore, very anxious to reclaim as much land as possible, and the great works on the Zuider Zee are doing much to provide for her increasing population.

A terrible thing happened in 1916, 32,000 acres being flooded by the breaking of some of the dykes or sea embankments, and in March, 1918, the Dutch Parliament passed an Act to reclaim the Zuider Zee. The works were started in 1920, and much has been done on plans which will add nearly half-a-million acres of good arable land to the country.

The total area to be enclosed measures over 900,000 acres, with a big lake in the centre to accommodate the discharge from the River Yssel and to supply the fresh water so badly needed in the dry period from April to August for agriculture, industry, and so on.

There will be one loss. The Zuider Zee fisheries are doomed by the enclosure, although certain freshwater fisheries may be developed in due time.

The great enclosing dam has to be constructed in the open sea. Boulder clay is dredged, loaded into barges, and dumped into place by opening valves in the barge bottoms. Fortunately splendid clay is obtainable.

Cost of the Great Work

Experimental agriculture has already begun on the land reclaimed.

Altogether, it seems, the enclosure and reclamation will cost about £50,000,000, which is not thought too heavy a price for adding so considerably to the area of this tiny country.

Thus the world presents strange contrasts. In countries like Holland and Italy, with big populations confined within small areas, much of which is hard to work, they are spending millions of money to reclaim land for their people.

Even while this hard work is going on in Europe there are lands overseas (enormous fertile areas almost destitute of population) which are yet denied by those who govern them to the overcrowded people of Europe.

We could have no more acute illustration of the lack of organisation of the resources of the world.

57 YEARS AT SCHOOL

The headmaster of Sholing School, Southampton, is retiring after being in the school 57 years.

He is Mr W. F. Penny, and has been at the school since he was a boy of three. He became a pupil teacher at 14 and retires as headmaster at 60.

MARCHING SLOWLY

Television and Its Possibilities

THE STENODE RADIOSTAT

Television marches slowly on, but it does march.

The wonderfully good cinematograph pictures which were sent by television from one spot to another recently by a new invention of the Gramophone Company at Hayes were due in some measure to the fact that they used five different wires or wave-lengths between the two instruments, so that five times as much detail could be seen in the image. The result was that soldiers marching, men playing cricket, and even the letters on tram advertisements could be plainly seen; one felt that television was really coming nearer.

The difficulty in the way of using several circuits and sending different bits of the picture by each, so that much finer definition can be seen on the viewing screen, is that the ether is already overcrowded.

Remarkable English Invention

The new invention, the Stenode Radiostat, which was described at the Television Society the other day, may solve this difficulty and make it possible to advance television very quickly. The radiostat is a very neat way of tuning so finely, with the help of a piezo crystal, that messages can be sent on wave-lengths very close together without interfering with each other.

As soon as the radiostat (the invention of an English engineer, Dr Robinson) becomes available there is some real prospect of television becoming practical on such a scale that we shall be able to "look-in" at picture theatre shows or watch a big cricket match.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Or Mêle-z-vous de ce qui vous regarde

François Martin was a skilful miller. None better than he for trimming the sails of his windmill to the breeze, none better for adjusting the grindstones to obtain the exact degree of coarseness in the flour.

And no better flour was to be found anywhere than François Martin's.

But he was an ill-tempered fellow, and to all requests that people might see his mill he had but one reply:

Mêle-z-vous de ce qui vous regarde.

"Mind your own business!" was what he was saying.

His sole companions were a donkey, a cat, and five hens. The hens thrived on the corn scattered about the mill; the cat had frequent appointments with the mice; Bourricot the donkey carried the sacks of flour to the baker's.

But Martin the miller did not appreciate Bourricot's patience and docility, and the poor donkey's share of blows was excessive.

The day came when the new village doctor saw the miller beating Bourricot unmercifully.

"Why do you beat the poor animal?" asked the doctor indignantly.

Mêle-z-vous de ce qui vous regarde! answered Martin. The donkey belonged to him. Could he not do what he liked with his own?

The doctor was a powerful man. He had a stout stick. Without hesitation he set upon the miller and skilfully administered to his back and shoulders a dose of his own medicine.

"Help!" yelled the miller. "Why do you beat me like this?"

Mêle-z-vous de ce qui vous regarde! answered the doctor. This stick belonged to him. Could he not do what he liked with his own?

Slap! "One more for luck!"

ITHURIEL'S SPEAR

The Professor and His Books

HOW HE GOT THEM BACK

Certain books being missing from the library of a Chicago college professor he threatened the students that unless the volumes were returned within two days all the suspects would be submitted to a test with the "lie-detector."

What that appliance is we are not told, but we are informed that the whole of the lost books were back on their shelves when the professor sought them the next day. British judges and magistrates have complained so frequently of late of the gross perjury in our courts of justice that we might almost wish, if the mysterious detector possesses the merits ascribed to it, that it might be brought into use for stubborn cases.

In the Garden of Eden

The best thing of the kind yet imagined was the Spear of Ithuriel, one of the two angels whom Milton represents as sent by Gabriel to seek out Satan in his hiding-place in the Garden of Eden. Ithuriel found him, disguised as a toad, "squat by the ear of Eve."

Ithuriel touched him lightly with his spear, for no falsehood or deceit was proof against this celestial weapon. At its touch the truth must appear. Instantly Satan started up "in his own shape," so suddenly that Ithuriel and his companion Uzziel themselves stood back, half amazed, at the sudden transformation.

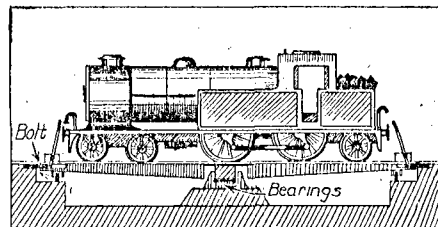
If the modern lie-detector has anything like the potency of the spear in that famous passage we need not wonder that lawless hands return the books which they have too long kept from their owner.

THE TURNTABLE

Ball bearings and roller bearings have been applied with great success to locomotive turntables. Using the latest of these appliances a locomotive weighing 150 tons can be revolved by one man.

The principle of the turntable is that of the see-saw. The round table is perfectly balanced on a pivot resting in a cup supported by a pedestal in the pit under the table.

When an engine has to be turned round the table is brought into line with the



rails on which the locomotive is standing. Sliding lock bolts at each end of the table are pressed into position by levers. This makes the table rigid and enables the locomotive to be run on to it.

When the engine is in position the lock bolts are withdrawn and the engine can be pushed round easily. When it reaches the required position the lock bolts are placed in position and the engine is run on to the rails.

A BOY AND HIS LOOMS

Most boys like making things, especially models of aeroplanes and engines, which are fascinating playthings.

John Tyldesley, a Bolton boy of 17, has gone a step farther. He has made two looms on which he can actually manufacture textile goods. He sells these and so makes his pocket-money.

Each loom, which is made of wood and scrap metal, took three months to build. The cotton loom is run by a small dynamo, and on this John weaves dishcloths, which he sells at twopence each. The silk loom is operated by hand, and at present this enterprising Lancashire boy is experimenting in making handkerchiefs for sale.

186 WISE FRENCHMEN And What They Say

This document has been signed by 186 well-known French writers, artists, and scholars.

At a time when Europe must organise or perish, and can only organise through calm thinking and forgetfulness of resentment, the undersigned French intellectuals protest with all their might against rumours of war (in whatever country they may arise) which are spread about by those who foster disorder from criminal intent, from self-interest, or merely from blindness to the consequences.

They cannot remain indifferent in the face of such campaigns and, whatever be the sequence of events, they intend to fight with all the means at their disposal against the return of a catastrophe in which all civilisation will perish.

A Menace to Peace

They do not overlook the forces which in other countries are a menace to peace, but they believe that the intellectuals of other countries will be able to take the same measures against the excesses of nationalism as they themselves have resolved to take against the excesses of French nationalism.

They claim that the real spirit of France is not that of hatred and war, but that of justice and peace, and they protest against chauvinist manifestations which debase that spirit.

They take no pride in a ruinous and decadent policy of prestige, for the rightful mission of a great people should no longer be determined by the policy of arms, but by that of reason.

They declare that if one wishes for peace he must will it without hesitation or ambiguity. Each must be ready to assume full responsibility for this.

A Cruel Dilemma

A war for which the attitude of France might be to blame would give rise to the cruel dilemma of attempting to reconcile their feelings as Frenchmen with their sentiment for the unity of man. Accordingly they trust that in the future and for the honour of their country Europe may take a stand with her and not against her.

They hope that in order to arrive at this result the peoples will break completely with the policy of force which has been uppermost in their minds for more than a century.

It is therefore of the highest importance that this country, of so rich and glorious a heritage, should dare openly to proclaim that the New Europe, and Franco-German friendship, which is the keynote of the whole, can only be built up from agreements freely made by peoples at peace.

A STING-RAY AT HERNE BAY

Surprise For An Angler

The Heron Angling Society is described as the oldest sea-angling association in the world, and many a good story has been told by its members. But how silent they will all be now when Mr G. Howard tells the tale of his giant sting-ray from Herne Bay Pier.

He was quietly fishing when a sting-ray swallowed his hook, and Mr Howard found himself involved in a fierce struggle with a monster fish whose twelve-foot tail was lashing the water.

For two hours they fought, a boatman standing by with a loaded revolver and another fisherman also ready to help, for the fish is dangerous with the poisonous barbs at the tip of its tail. After two hours Mr Howard landed the fish with a net, and it was quickly killed.

A sting-ray of this size had never before been caught in English waters, we believe, and we may all congratulate Mr Howard on getting rid of this unpleasant visitor and on the silver medal presented to him by his society.

A MOTHER AND ITS LITTLE ONE The Sheep in the Park

By Our Natural Historian

Visitors to a noble park in Kent witnessed a little drama of limited instinct among sheep the other day.

The Sun was sinking and up came a bitter easterly wind, sweeping the hill over a forty-acre lake, half of, whose surface was covered with ice. In the park, which has a reputation for deer, sheep grazed and lambs frolicked.

Tea-time came, and the lambs huddled to their mothers and were fed as young lambs should be. But one lamb was far on the hill alone, bleating compliments to a flock on the far side of iron railings which cross the park at this point. Then he turned to look for tea, and galloped and frisked about.

Down the hill stood a lone sheep, immovable, gazing up the hill, the very picture of sheepish anxiety. Obviously the lamb was hers, but she was not sure, and she would not risk an error.

Sheep recognise their lambs not by sight or voice, but only by smell. Each lamb has an odour which, to its mother's nose, is distinct from that of all other lambs, and in this instance the mother had her back to the wind, which was blowing toward the lamb.

Sheep Instinct

So she could not smell her strayed offspring, and although she watched the little vagrant from a point 200 yards away not one step toward it did she advance. Quite a quarter of an hour passed. The other lambs had all been fed, and there remained this worried mother and her hungry little one, apart and mutually unhappy.

At last the lamb, in the course of one of his little canters, seemed to get the scent of his mother. He charged down the hill to her like a four-legged rocket, and was fed to the full, for the moment he got within smelling distance the sheep nuzzled him and was satisfied as to his identity.

There we have the wonder and the weakness of sheep instinct. The mother sheep would not tolerate the presence of a strange lamb, but if her own lamb were dead and its skin were put on another lamb the smell of her own lamb's fleece would be enough; she would accept the masquerading impostor as her own. E. A. B.

MOTHER KIWI AND HER EGGS

A hen's egg weighs about two ounces, but the egg of the New Zealand kiwi weighs nearly a pound.

While clearing some bush in a secluded part of New Zealand some men came upon a mother kiwi sitting on two eggs which weighed over 13 ounces each. Happily, they did not harm it. The kiwi was once plentiful in New Zealand, but is now only seen in the unfrequented bush-covered hills. It has small wings, but has lost the power of flight through not using them.

THE CONDEMNED COIN

English people who travel in Switzerland are not likely to share the regret expressed in some circles in that country at the proposed disappearance of the five-franc piece.

They will indeed be devoutly thankful that that bulky coin will no longer bulge out their purses or weigh down their pockets.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

In one part of Germany some Red Cross Juniors have found a delightful way of being friendly.

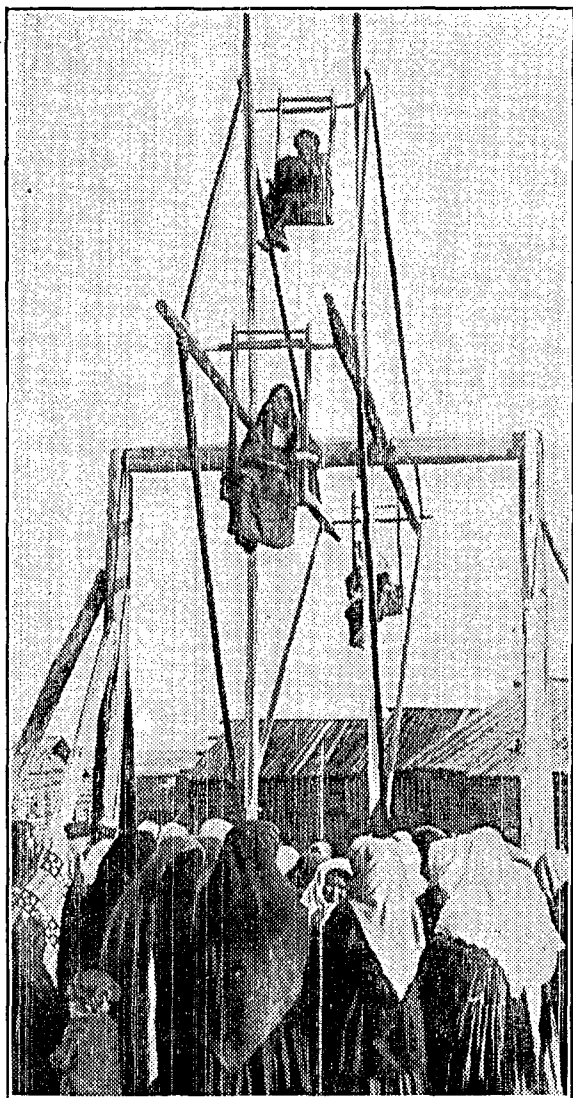
They pay 20 pfennigs for each copy of their magazine, which costs only 15, and with the extra money they supply copies to a school for backward children who cannot afford to buy it.

April 11, 1931

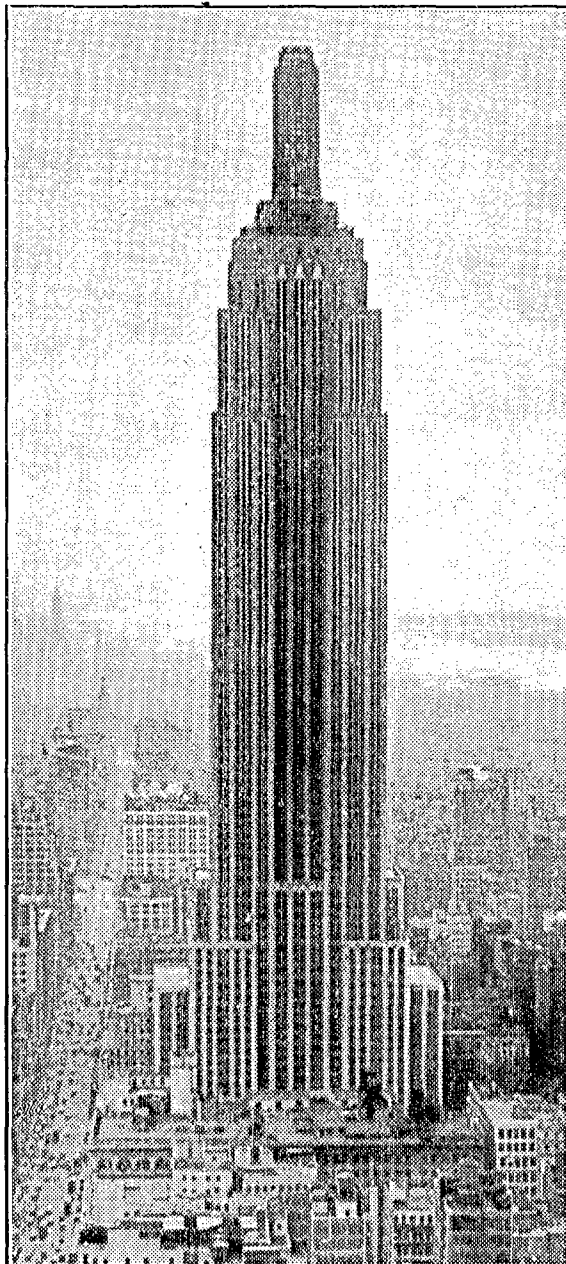
The Children's Newspaper

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AT PLAY IN RUSSIA · TALLEST BUILDING · MAKING A PLANETARIUM



The Fun of the Fair—This crude Big Wheel for four passengers was set up at a village fair in North Russia and was eagerly patronised by the peasants.



The Empire State Building, New York, 1248 feet high.



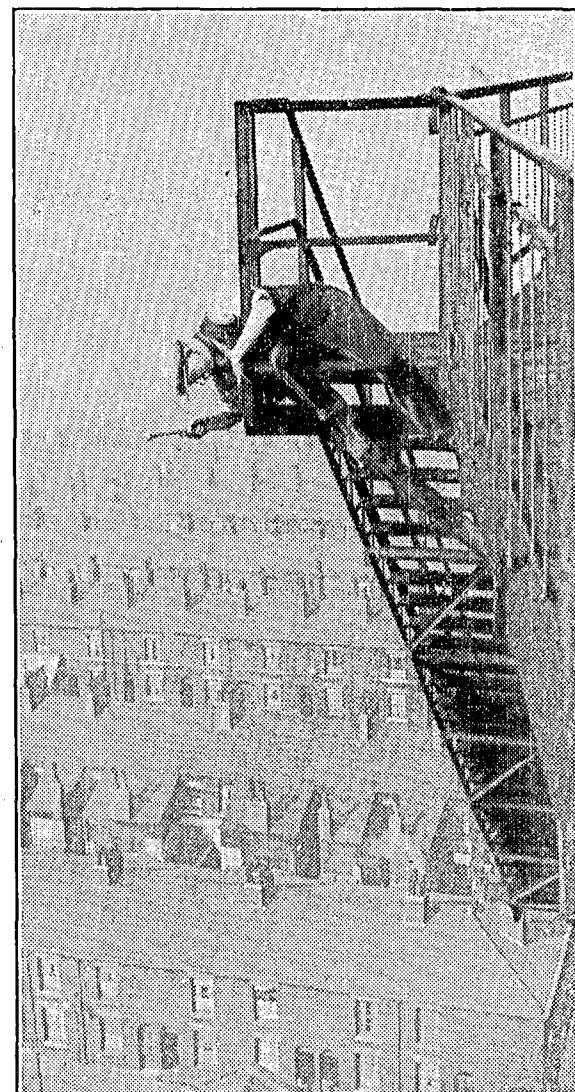
Like Flies in a Spider's Web—These men are building the framework of the dome of a planetarium on which the movements of the stars and planets will be projected.



What is the Time ?—As the stone clock-faces of St James's Church, Bermondsey, could not be lighted from within they are to be illuminated by outside lamps, here being fitted.



The Window Cleaners—It is difficult to imagine a more nerve-racking task than cleaning the windows of the Empire State Building in New York; the world's tallest structure.



Looking Down on Manchester—A gas-holder which is said to be the highest in Europe has been built at Manchester. Here we see one of the men at work on it in a perilous position.

THE ROBOT SPEAKS A Weird Thing That Can Be Done

HEARING SONGS THAT WERE NEVER SUNG

Already the talking film has lost its place as a marvel. Everyone knows how it makes squawks of people's voices. But its nose will be put out of joint by a film that has a voice of its own.

That in its turn will cease to be a nine-days wonder. Already its inventor has let us into the secret of how it works. It is so simple.

Begin with the gramophone, which as a miracle is as much out of date as a hansom cab. When a voice speaks it makes a record on a wax disc by its sound waves, and the waves are resolved into a voice again when a needle traces the sound-track on a revolving disc. We find nothing wonderful in that.

Light and Sound

But a talkie has its sound-track, also produced by the sound waves of the voice, though this track, which is a photographic record of the waves, runs along a lengthy strip of celluloid. A light shines through the film and its sound-track, and plays on a photo-electric cell which is sensitive to light.

The sound-track of a voice on the celluloid strip is something like one of those records of the tremors which an earthquake makes on an earthquake-recording instrument.

It is all up-and-down zig-zag lines, series of which come much closer together than others. The light shining through this alternation of closely-shaded and more widely-spaced lines falls in its own corresponding pattern on the sensitive cell. The cell and its associated electric currents interpret these patterns and convert them into sound again.

The Part Played by the Camera

Now suppose someone takes bits of the sound-track and pieces together just the lengths which represent this or that vowel or consonant. He can construct syllables, words, or phrases.

Each of these is just a length of zig-zag pattern. He can copy this pattern on a strip of cardboard. He can then photograph the cardboard reproduction on to another strip of film—and there he has a record which will speak words or phrases which no one has ever spoken. This artificial sound-track will speak with a voice of its own.

What the future of this invention may be none can say. Mr E. A. Humphris, who has devised it, speaks of making a Robot voice sing like a perfect tenor.

Some day we may hear an Oratorio sung by voices which never were on land or sea, but exist only on a strip of film!

THE STABILISER

In the great ocean liner *Conti di Savoia*, now being built for the Italian Lloyd Sabanda, three gyro stabilisers are being installed, and the builder believes they will hold the great vessel steady even in the roughest weather, so that the passengers need never dread sea-sickness.

The anti-rolling equipment of the *Conti di Savoia* will consist of three immense wheels, each having a diameter of 13 feet and weighing 100 tons. The tendency of the ship to roll one way will be met by an opposing energy when the three great wheels are spinning, and the ship will be held on an even keel.

It will cost £12 a day to run the three gyro wheels, and every squeamish passenger will call it cheap. If the gyro stabiliser really does all that is claimed for it then the *Conti di Savoia* will become the most popular Atlantic liner. Stabilisers have been used in small vessels, but not in an ocean giant before. Britons will hope that there is truth in the rumour about anti-rolling devices being fitted in the 72,000 ton Cunarder now being built on the Clyde.

The Shining Name of the Slums DR BARNARDO

Story of a Famous and Splendid Achievement for the English Nation

A MAN WHO SAVED 60,000 CHILDREN

AMONG the great men who made our modern world we must count Thomas John Barnardo. If he did not invent kindness to children, at least he was the first great champion of children who were homeless.

His official biography by Dr Wesley Brady (Allen and Unwin, 7s 6d) is a fascinating story, and justifies the author's claim that Dr Barnardo did for children what Wilberforce did for slaves and Shaftesbury did for the industrial workers. We wish for this noble book a world-wide circulation; in it a great work is greatly told.

Let us try to recall what sort of fate befell a homeless child before Dr Barnardo's day.

Before Barnardo Came

When his parents died or deserted him he got his living as a wild animal does, hunting and fighting for it and often stealing it. Every policeman was his enemy, and he could be brought before a magistrate for sleeping in the streets. Yet he had nowhere else to sleep. Once Barnardo found eleven boys sleeping on an iron roof. It was a bitter cold night, and they were wretched rags and no underclothes. On another occasion he found 70 street arabs sleeping under a tarpaulin. In doorways and empty barrels everywhere slept the most unhappy little children in London.

Destitute children could, of course, go to workhouses, but from such places children escaped if they could, preferring hunger and cold.

The Baby and the Magistrate

Once Sir John Gorst visited an industrial school and saw among big brutal-looking lads a pretty baby of six. He asked what the child had done to be sent there, and learned that a policeman had caught the little one sleeping out under Covent Garden arches, and a magistrate had committed him to an industrial home for ten years. At the end of the ten years Sir John inquired for him, and afterwards wrote: "What do you think he has learned in that school? He has learned to darn stockings, and the darning of stockings is the only technical attribute which this boy has there attained! If we had succeeded in handing the child over to Dr Barnardo's care he would have been taught a trade or emigrated to Canada and put in the way of becoming a prosperous man."

Ahead of the State

In 1894 a Departmental Committee was appointed to inquire into the case of Poor Law children. After two years the committee made recommendations of reform, and the chairman added that most of the reforms had already been devised and put into practice by Dr Barnardo. In health, moral training, kindness, and in fitting a child to make its way in life, Dr Barnardo's Homes were a century ahead of State institutions. The example he set has been gradually followed the world over.

This wonderful man who went to the rescue of destitute childhood was pronounced dead by two doctors when he was two years old. It was the undertaker who discovered that there was still a flicker of life!

The delicate baby grew into a quick-tempered boy who was often in trouble at school. But before he was 17 he grew to feel that he must give his life to the service of others.

While he was at the London Hospital, training so that he might be a medical missionary, he did some work in Ragged Schools. Learning from the stories of the homeless boys that 85 per cent of them were reduced to misery through

the drunken habits of their parents, the young student went boldly preaching temperance into the vilest parts of the East End. He was more than once assaulted; his hat was often knocked into the gutter, his spectacles smashed, his clothes torn, and once two ribs were broken. Once when a band of roughs meant to give him a thrashing they were stopped by a prize-fighter who recognised the young preacher for one of the doctors who volunteered to nurse cholera when that scourge was terrifying the East End.

The Doctor and His Critics

Barnardo not only preached to the poor. He once addressed a meeting of respectable people, telling them of the terrible sufferings of poor children in London. Reports of this speech appeared in the papers, and people said it was untrue. Lord Shaftesbury asked Barnardo to dinner, and confronted him with some of his critics. Barnardo asked them to call cabs and follow him to the East End, and there he showed them dozens of half-starved children sleeping in the night air. Then Lord Shaftesbury told Barnardo that his duty might be to these children, and not to the Chinese, and the doctor realised this was true.

Dr Barnardo began by paying a working-man to house the first homeless boy he found; then he hired a donkey stable for half-a-crown a week to shelter more, and in a few years he had great village homes packed with children. He had once told a little boy there was no room in the Home for a few days, and a night or two afterwards the child was found dead in an alley. After that Barnardo made the famous declaration, *No destitute child ever refused admission*. In order to keep his vow he had to run into debt, and when he died the debt was £250,000, but it was wiped out as a tribute from a grateful country.

Worn Out at Sixty

Dr Barnardo founded his Home when he was still studying for his degree. He continued to work like a slave all his life, seldom going to bed before three in the morning. It is not to be wondered at that he wore his heart out at 60. "O Syrie," he said to his wife, "my head feels so heavy," and, dropping it on her breast, he died.

He had rescued 60,000 children. He had helped to make a new world. The whole country mourned for him, and volunteers came forward to carry on his mighty work. But during his life he had had to face scandal and lawsuits, and to battle against tremendous cares. Only a man of exceptional courage and indomitable will could have won his battle; only a man of extraordinary ability could have organised the Homes as he did.

And only a saint could have loved loveless children so well that he could say "I have never seen an ugly child."

EGYPT GOES AHEAD

An Office of Labour has been established in Egypt, attached to the Public Safety Service, to deal with all questions relating to labour.

It opened with the New Year, and is the result of a committee which was set up about three years ago to prepare a new and comprehensive Labour Code covering the whole range of conditions of employment. Inspectors are to be appointed for the special purpose of improving the conditions of employment of children, and the Office is taking measures to do all that is possible in this way during the time that must pass before new laws prevent young children from being put to work.

EINSTEIN PLAIN AND SIMPLE

Advice to Those Who Want Peace

It is said that there are only six men in the world who can understand Einstein on the Universe, but we can all understand the great philosopher when he talks of Peace. This is what he has been saying lately.

Serious-minded peacemakers should try actually to do something, instead of contenting themselves with idle dreams or merely talking about peace. Our next step is to act, to do something. We must realise that, if war comes, everyone considers it his duty to commit a crime, the crime of killing.

People must be made to understand the immorality of war. They must do everything in their power to disentangle themselves from this antiquated, barbarous institution and to free themselves from the shackles of slavery. For this I have two suggestions. One is the refusal to engage in war service of any kind in any circumstances. Even at the risk of great personal sacrifice and hardship all who wish to do something concrete toward world peace must refuse war service.

Counsel for the Timid

I advise the recruiting of people for this idea all over the world. And for the timid ones who ask What is the use of our trying—we are so few? my answer is that if you can get only two per cent of the population of the world to assert in time of peace that they will not fight you will have the solution for international troubles.

Even so small a proportion as two per cent will accomplish the desired result, for they could not be put in gaol. There are not enough gaols in the world to accommodate them!

The second suggestion I have to offer appears less illegal. International legislation should be attuned to the idea that those who declare themselves against war should, in time of peace, be allowed to take up some kind of difficult or even dangerous work, either for their country or for the benefit of mankind. In this way they can prove that their opposition to war is not prompted by selfish or cowardly motives.

I advise all such people to organise and to internationalise.

RINGING UP EUROPE FROM HOME

Which town will you talk to, Rome or Dublin? It costs about the same if the right time is chosen.

Three minutes with somebody in Rome costs eight shillings at night; three minutes with Dublin during the day costs seven and sixpence. You can talk to people in Gibraltar at night for 10s 9d, to Algieras for half a guinea, and to four big cities in Poland for 9s 3d.

Talking across the sea with the Continent has now become such a commonplace that the Postmaster-General has had to issue a special table of rates, and what a year or two ago was looked upon as a scientific miracle has become so ordinary that the hum-drum telephone subscriber is now supplied with a list of 103 European towns and cities which he can ring up in his own home.

SIX MILLION TREES

Some idea of the steps now being taken to replace the enormous demand for wood can be gathered from the fact that more than six million trees were planted on the prairie farms of Canada last year.

About 116 million trees have been planted since 1901, when a Forest Service of the Canadian Department of the Interior was set up.

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A SPARKLING HOST Wonderful Spectacle of Five Hundred Suns

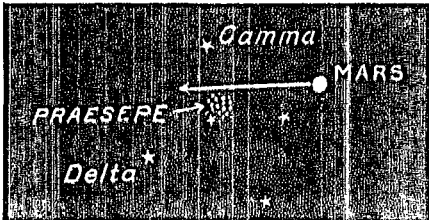
MARS AND THE PRAESEPE STAR-CLUSTER

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Mars is now approaching the remarkable star-cluster known as the Praesepe, or Manger as it is sometimes called; and as the rosy-tinted Mars is still a prominent feature of the evening sky a good opportunity will be afforded for finding the Praesepe.

While this cluster of stars is visible to the naked eye, it is exceedingly faint. It will, therefore, be best to seek it on one of the dark nights during the next ten days while the radiance of the Moon is out of the way.

Mars will be easily identified to the left of the much brighter and whiter Jupiter and the twin stars Castor and



The position of Mars on April 11. His path toward the Praesepe until April 21 is shown by the long arrow

Pollux, as was shown in the star-map of the C.N. for March 14. He is high in the south-west now at about 9 o'clock, by which time it will be dark enough to perceive the Praesepe.

To the unaided eye this will appear as a misty patch of light almost between two not very prominent stars, Gamma and Delta in Cancer, as shown in the accompanying star-map. The Praesepe appears from three to four times the Moon's apparent width away from them, while Mars is farther off toward the right and rapidly approaching the Praesepe star-cluster.

The Passing of Mars

Between April 18 and 20 Mars will appear almost among this cluster of great stars, passing from right to left just above the sparkling host, so a charming spectacle will be presented to those possessing telescopes of sufficient power. Nevertheless, field-glasses, or even opera-glasses, will, according to their power, show between 20 and 30 of the brighter stars of the cluster; but they should be looked for before Mars gets into close proximity.

These immense far-away suns grouped together thus present a wonderful spectacle, though their actual distances apart are some hundreds of thousands of times greater than the distance between our Earth and the Sun. There are at least 500 suns in the cluster, all visible in the most powerful telescopes.

Terrific Span of Space

Their distance from us averages about 38 million times that of our Sun, and makes them individually quite invisible to the unaided eye; a small patch of what looks like luminous mist less than the apparent size of the Moon alone reveals the presence of this grand congregation of suns, most of which are very much larger than our Sun.

It is most wonderful that they can be seen at all when we consider the terrific span of space which their light has had to travel. This light has taken 600 years to reach us, whereas the light from Mars, although he is nearly 120 million miles away now, has taken only between 10 and 11 minutes.

We are thus made to realise how very transparent space is; yet the tiniest wisp of cloud but a mile or two away would be sufficient to hide from us this wonderful stellar host. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

A Bonnie Gift From Scotland

Number of Members—24,805

Not long ago the mail steamer brought an exciting post to the children of the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic Ocean. A letter, a parcel, and several copies of the C.N. arrived for them as a gift from children of Kilchoan School, Argyll. It was an act of friendship to celebrate joining the C.L.N., and it is surely a promise of good things to come from Scotland.

Over 160 boys and girls of the Central School at Oswaldtwistle are enthusiastic C.L.N. members. Their activities have been recorded here before now, and their latest effort to help on the good cause has been the talk of the town.

A Helpful Competition

It began as a doll-dressing competition in the costumes of Poland, Bolivia, Greece, and so on, for the girls, and the drawing of costumes of other countries by the boys; but it developed into a large exhibition of products, national flags, and photographs of each State in the League. So many interesting objects were collected that at the last moment it was decided to make the exhibition public, and the result was that many grown-ups and children were helped to realise the appearance, dress, and customs of the various countries who have entered the League of Nations, and the work of the C.L.N. was given a splendid push forward.

The more work of this kind that is done the better it will be for the future.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of
Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1

No letters should be
sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

CABBY AND HIS STICK

Young men, old men, prince and pauper, all like sticks. Walking-sticks through all time have been companions to their owners.

Such a stick had Jimmy Meads, who died not long ago aged 80. He had once visited Windsor Park, and, ever resourceful, had made good use of opportunity, for when he saw a seasoned piece of hollyhock lying in his path the idea came to him to make it into a walking-stick, and, when the stick was made, why not give it to the House of Windsor?

Jimmy Meads had met many aristocrats in his day. He had been postillion rider to princes and lords. But as he grew older he had other ambitions. He longed to have a horse and cab of his own. So it was that thirty years or so ago he appeared with the first hansom cab seen in Oxford.

Undergraduates were delighted with him, for he was a striking character in his white top hat, canary-coloured waistcoat, and frock coat. By 1912 he had become as much a part of Oxford as its colleges. The Prince of Wales, then at Magdalen, made his acquaintance, and was always attracted by his humour and resourcefulness.

Last year Jimmy retired and went to live at Bedford. One day he met the Prince near there and chatted over olden times. Then it was that the dream of his younger days came true, for the Prince accepted the stick Jimmy had made from the hollyhock grown in Windsor Park.

THE KEY OF GOLD

WHO WILL FIND IT?

A Great Chance For Those Who
Love Alice in Wonderland

LEWIS CARROLL'S PLAYGROUND?

All children, and all grown-ups who have been children, owe a debt of love to Lewis Carroll, the inventor of Alice, and it is the centenary of his birth next year. How shall we celebrate it?

America's mind is made up, and it would be hard to find a better plan than hers. It is to found a library at a children's hospital in New York, so that small invalids may have plenty of picture books and adventure stories to make them forget their pain.

The library will be called after Lewis Carroll, and an exhibition of his letters and manuscripts, including the manuscript of Alice, will be shown at Columbia University in aid of the Library Fund.

What will England do?

The C.N. thinks it would be a magnificent thing if she were to buy the Foundling Site as a Lewis Carroll Centenary Gift to London's poor children.

Fine Work in Danger

Nine acres for games, a swimming-bath, safety from traffic, space for romping—all these things can be bought for £425,000 now that Lord Rothermere has generously offered the balance. For two years London's children have enjoyed these things, and London mothers have breathed a sigh of relief on seeing their little ones "safe into the Foundling."

Splendid people have run nursery schools for the babies, have taught schoolboys how to swim, or have refereed their football. Now all this fine work is in danger; it must come to an end and all this precious open space be lost unless something is done quickly. There are 487 millionaires we read in the C.N. recently: will one of them come forward and save this playground? It would win the Kingdom of Heaven for him. If not, will every C.N. reader give a little help, half-a-crown or half-a-sovereign, for the love of Alice and the little ones?

Money should be sent to Sir Hilton Young, M.P., West Lodge, Foundling Site, Guilford Street, W.C.1. The site must be saved this year.

We all remember how longingly Alice looked into the magic garden, and the little ones look just as longingly at the gates of the Foundling Site.

Shall we not, for Lewis Carroll's sake, find the key of gold?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How High is Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square?

The statue is 18 feet high and the columnar pedestal upon which it stands is 145 feet.

How Many Lighthouses Are There Round the British Isles?

There are about 150 main lighthouses but there are, of course, hundreds of harbour lights and other unwatched lights.

Does the Starling Sing?

Yes; and this bird is also a good mimic, imitating the call-notes of such birds as the goldfinch, skylark, wagtail, and other small birds.

What Was the Origin of Our Surnames?

The true name of anyone is his Christian name, but in early days something had to be added for purposes of identity. These additions took the form of the name of the father—as Johnson; the name of a place—as Hill, Hastings; the name of a trade or office—as Smith, Baker, Reeve; or the name of a characteristic—as Wise, Black, Long. Sometimes the surname was derived from the Christian name—as in Willis and Wills, from William.



STRONGEST BOY.....

When your child is bilious, feverish or fretful—with coated tongue, no energy nor appetite, do not hesitate. Just give a little "California Syrup of Figs."

A child loves it. Improved appetite, digestion and assimilation always follow its use. A child's whole system benefits. Thousands of mothers use "California Syrup of Figs" regularly to keep children in splendid condition.

Doctors endorse this pure vegetable product; mothers everywhere praise it. "Albert is perhaps the strongest boy of his age in our neighbourhood," says his mother. "We have kept him in wonderful condition by the regular use of 'California Syrup of Figs'; have also used it for him during colds. It has been a marvellous help."

To avoid mistakes, always say "California" when buying. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6.

**"CALIFORNIA
SYRUP of FIGS"**
IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



"WHO ever thought cleaning teeth could be so nice" is what all boys and girls say when they try Calvert's Tooth Powder. "Now perhaps you won't need telling so much to brush them night and morning," says Mother. But Calvert's is much more than nice, would say thousands who have been keeping their teeth sound and white for 20, 30, and even 40 years with this old and tried dentifrice.

Calvert's
TOOTH POWDER
SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TINS 6d., 1/- & 1/6.

Three
Samples
FREE

Dainty Samples of Calvert's Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap and Shampoo Soap free in return for 3d. in stamps (to cover post and packing). F. C. Calvert & Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.N.), Manchester.

FREE GIFTS



G. 227. Box of Paints
Free for 90 Coupons.

G. 266.
Pencil Case
Free for 40 Coupons

G. 197.
Photograph Album
Free for 110 Coupons.

Would you like a box of first-class English-made paints—twelve pans and two tubes—or would you rather have a Pencil Set with ruler, nibs and rubber? Or a beautiful album bound in moiré silk for your photographs? These are just a few of the Nestlé's Chocolate free gifts. Just collect the right number of coupons—it's soon done, for there's a coupon in with every bar and packet of chocolate that Nestlé's sell, from the 2d. bar upwards!

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.
Please send me Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS and Nestlé's Presentation List
55/11.4.31

Name.....
IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address.....
This offer applies only to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. 1d. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.

FIVE FREE COUPONS



The Food for Constant Health

Archie Compston—the
world-famous golfer wrote:

'Start each day with

SHREDDED WHEAT'

FOR LITTLE ONE

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee.
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
I care for nobody, no not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

A Proverb

*He that would have the fruit
must climb the tree.*

The Enemies Who Became Friends

AN Emperor was reproached by his courtiers because he had not destroyed his enemies after conquering them, but had received them into favour instead.

But the Emperor replied: "Do I not destroy my enemies in the most effective way when I make them my friends?"

The Homes of England

THE stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their green sward
bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides by them with
the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they
peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God. Mrs Hemans

A Saying of Jesus

FREELY ye have received; freely give.

A Fable From Aesop

THE GOAT AND THE VINE

A GOAT chased by huntsmen fled for safety to a vineyard, and there lay concealed under the friendly shelter of a vine.

When he thought the huntsmen had passed and the danger was over he began to feed upon the leaves of the vine that had protected him; but the noise attracted the attention of the huntsmen, who returned, found the goat, and killed him.

"Ah!" cried the goat as he died,
"I deserve this punishment for having sought to destroy my protector."

A Little Prayer

MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The Earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

THE PAGEANT OF OUR ISLAND Its Ennobling Scenes in a Book

Wonderful Britain. Edited by J. A. Hammerton (Educational Book Company).

Could any country produce a nobler gallery of its own portraits than that Mr J. A. Hammerton has framed in these four volumes?

Surely no country is more worthy of portraiture, and none offers so varied a range of subjects. Other countries may have scenes of more isolated grandeur or magnificence, but in none is beauty more widely spread. Mr Hammerton's pages are a proof of it. And it would be hard to name a noble view of Britain's mountains and moorlands, her wave-beaten shores, her rivers, lakes, and waterfalls, which is not here.

The Magic Carpet

If on a dull day we could be whisked back for ten minutes to some enchanting scene we have visited on holiday, there to bask in the sunshine, how the gloom of the day would be lightened! But if we cannot in reality visit those places these photographs and descriptions will help us to mount the Magic Carpet of memory and imagination. We may see the storied architecture of Oxford:

We see the Bridge, the stream again;
And like a spellbound flight of spears
The gilded vanes of Magdalen.

Turn another page and there is Durham Cathedral, situated like a fortress on the wooded hill above its river. Our history lies before us. We follow in the pictures the great Offa's Dyke with which forgotten Britons clove through the West, and we see the burial mounds they raised and the earthworks they built.

The Journey of the Cross

Continuing, we follow the Romans to the Welsh Marches, to King's Lynn in East Anglia, and to Hadrian's Wall. We trace the Saxon Conquests from London and the Isle of Wight to Bath. We see the journey of the Cross, carried from Ireland to Saxon church and little Norman chapel till it was raised on high in our cathedrals.

We pause, not for material, but because we cannot pack in our space any adequate description of Mr Hammerton's brightly illustrated record of what is most enduring in the pageant of our island story.

THE NATION'S YOUTH Decrease of Children

Last year's figures show that the country gained by excess of births over deaths roundly 190,000 in population. The birth-rate remained at the 1929 low level, just over 16 per thousand.

Many people think this increase of 190,000 shows that England is still increasing, but that is not the case. The number of children now being born is not large enough to replace the existing population.

Even as it is, we have not people enough to spare to populate the British Empire. Year by year the number of children in English schools is diminishing, and in ten years' time there will be so many vacant places in the schools that fewer teachers and fewer buildings will be required. For the same reason the number of boys and girls entering work is becoming noticeably smaller.

PLACES SPOILING THEMSELVES

All lovers of Kent must lament the desecration of one of the finest viewpoints in the county, the top of Charing Hill. It is strewn with rubbish.

The little village of Challock, a little farther on the road to Canterbury, is also fast losing its attractiveness, thanks to Aunt Sally and all her colleagues in the wrecking of the countryside.

WHERE SHALL WE PUT IT?

THE PEST OF THE POST
A Legal Point That May Come Up For You Tomorrow
MANTELPIECE OR RAFTERS?

Many things are brought by the postman that we may not want. The most tiresome are articles sent by tradesmen with a request for their return if we do not want to buy them.

Where shall we put such things? The circulars, the catalogues, the advertisements of sales, the requests for subscriptions in envelopes with halfpenny stamps, can all go into the wastepaper basket, if it is big enough. They may even serve the purpose of lighting the fire.

But the articles on which a price is put cannot be treated in this utilitarian way. Fountain-pens, for example, though they may be the last things in the world which we should think of purchasing through the post without trying them, must be kept. They cannot be thrown away. They must not be given away, and they must not be used.

The Suffering Receiver

They need not be returned. No law will make anyone return anything which has been thrust on him without request. But that appears to be the only protection the law affords to the suffering receiver of unwanted goods.

The question that arises is where we should put them. If a man receives a rug he must not spread it in front of the fireplace, where ostensibly he would be using it. He may safeguard himself by putting it in the box-room.

What is he to do should a tradesman send him a ton of coals? Or a glass ornament for the mantelpiece? If he puts this on the mantelpiece is he not using it for the purpose for which it was intended? Must he put it in the rafters to clear himself of all liability?

Liberty and Property

It would be right, no doubt, to keep the rug on the mantelpiece, for that would not be using it; but should the ornament be left standing there? It seems a little odd; perhaps both had better go into the attic.

The answer to these questions is part of the mystery of the Law, which is so careful to protect property that it is rather careless of liberty, the liberty, for example, to disregard the importunate advertiser. The ideal course is to refuse to take it in, but we are not always "nippy" enough to do so. Perhaps returning it to the postman at the first opportunity (unstamped) might check a nuisance, for presently the Post Office might be stirred to action.

MUST THE ELEPHANT GO?

Africa Losing Its Wild Life

It is a sad thing to learn, on the authority of a well-known traveller, Major R. W. G. Hingston, that if present conditions in Africa continue the three great pachyderms—the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus—will be extinct in fifty years.

All these creatures make a great appeal to our sense of kinship with the animal world, and the elephant especially is regarded with affection. We really cannot contemplate a world of the future in which the children will never see an elephant save in the form of a stuffed museum specimen.

A number of causes are destroying not only the pachyderms but all Africa's wild life. There are the spread of cultivation, the demands of trade, and the activities of sportsmen. Under the last head it is said that the natives do most destruction, for food or barter. It is therefore strongly urged that great national parks should be extended in parts of Africa in order to preserve its wonderful fauna.

THE MASTER FIDDLER

KUBELIK'S GREAT IDEA

Meeting the Children With His Famous Stradivarius
MUSIC IN OUR HEARTS

Jan Kubelik, the world-famous fiddler, has started out on a new crusade.

It has long been one of his cherished ambitions to bring a love of good music to the children of the world, believing that it will grow with the child, so that at last a real appreciation of good music will come to all people. There is, he says, too much indifferent music sounding in young ears today, and he wishes so to train these young ears that they shall instinctively know the good from the bad.

During his present visit to England M Kubelik is putting his theories into practice. On a recent visit to Coventry he made his first move in his campaign, which he hopes will spread throughout the world.

Wonder and Delight

It was known that Kubelik wished to give an experimental recital for children, and the Coventry educational authorities made arrangements for him to carry out his wish. At the Coventry Assembly Hall he enchanted a thousand children with his playing.

M Kubelik will, we are sure, know of the immense success of the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children at the Central Hall, Westminster. What he wishes to do is to spread the idea far and wide.

The hall was thronged with children from elementary and secondary schools, who gave the Master an enthusiastic welcome. He used his favourite Stradivarius and his marvellous playing aroused the wonder and delight of his young audience. He will play to similar audiences throughout the country, and has set his heart on filling the Albert Hall in London with little children at some near date. Their applause to him will be like that sound which came to William Blake:

*O what a multitude they seemed, these
flowers of London town:
Seated in companies they sit with radiance
all their own.*

*The hum of multitudes was there, but
multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising
their innocent hands.*

Kubelik does not hope to realise his ambitions solely through his own efforts. He calls for the cooperation of all the great artists of today, who will, he is convinced, be prepared to give their time and talent in fostering a world-love of their art. With their support he holds that such concerts as he proposes, given by one or another of the leading artists of our time, will become a regular feature in the lives of children, as indeed they have already become at the great Central Hall in London.

The Master Fiddler's Call

We may hope that the master fiddler of our time will achieve his ambition, and that his call to his companions in music will meet with a warm response. So, says he, we shall create the appreciative audiences of the future, and develop among our people a soul for music, the soul which has in the past produced so many of the world's finest musicians. He would have music in our hearts wherever we may be.

Jan Kubelik was born in Michle, near Prague, in 1880, and so has reached his jubilee. He was the son of a market-gardener who loved music, and he has given his whole life to his art. Educated at Prague Conservatoire, he has been giving recitals since 1898, his first public appearance having been when he was a boy of eight. Since that time he has travelled through Europe, America, and Australia, and has won for himself the admiration and applause of the three continents.



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first,
you fellows—
keep fit my way!**

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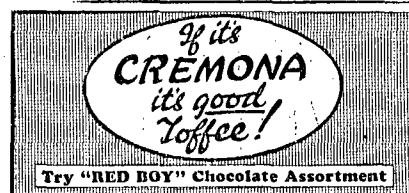
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President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.



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THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby HadathCHAPTER 1
The Verdict

THE quiet, convinced tones continued: "So, sorry as I am, Trytton, I can't keep you in the school any longer."

Trytton, heavy-featured and heavy-eyed, returned no answer; for what answer could he return? All he had to say had been said. This was final. He knew it and moved toward the door.

"Wait!"

Trytton turned.

"I am concerned about your young brother."

On this Trytton found his voice. It shook with uneasiness.

"Do you mean, sir," it stammered, "that you don't think you could let him come here now?"

"Well, should I?" the Head answered musingly, half to himself. "Do you yourself think it would be the best start for him, the brother of a lad who had just been expelled?"

A wistful eagerness clutched at that slow, dismayed voice.

"Sir, Jim needn't know that I've been expelled."

"Ah!" The Head leaned forward with a new look. "You would keep it from him, naturally, for your own sake?"

"No," Trytton muttered, wincing; "not for my own sake. But I want him to make a better show here than I've made."

"For his sake, eh?"

"Yes, after what you've just said, sir. Couldn't he think I'd left for not getting into the Fifth?"

"You would lead him to suppose that you've been superannuated? You would tell him nothing else?"

"No; nothing at all, sir."

The Head's face grew more thoughtful.

"You overlook the fact that your father must know," he said.

"My father would back me up, sir. He wouldn't tell."

"And the other boys here?"

The spark of hope in Trytton's eyes flickered out.

"I hadn't thought of them, sir," he answered despondently.

The Head kept silence, measuring him with a grave gaze. And while in this sudden silence he waited uncomfortably through the open window were borne the familiar sounds of the school—the tread of feet on the gravel, voice calling to voice, a distant shout from the playing fields, somebody laughing. It seemed to him, as these sounds returned to his ears, incredible that he was hearing them for the first time; that he, only yesterday a part of all this, would have no part or parcel in it tomorrow. He glanced at the clock. Twenty minutes to one. At twelve o'clock, when he had entered this room, the school had been his school; its life had been his, he had belonged to it. But when he went from this room all that would be over. What a difference forty minutes could make.

He looked earnestly at the silent man at the table and wished that he could read his thoughts.

They might in one particular have surprised Trytton. For how should Trytton suppose that the Head was reflecting that, while many with his own eye only upon them would have abased themselves, on their knees very nearly, for mercy, this boy, who had accepted the worst without whining, must, at any rate, possess some manliness. It may be the Head had expected Trytton to whine, or at least to plead all sorts of excuses and promises, and the fact that he had done neither moved in his favour as much as his eagerness for his young brother. Did this influence the course which the Head was considering?

"Well, Trytton," he said, "though I don't wish to travel old ground you know that every boy in the school was agreed that the trick played on Fitch was, in their own words, a low-down trick, a real low-down trick. It was; I find no better term for it. So I cannot possibly keep the fellow who played it."

Mark Trytton's sombre eyes were fixed on the carpet.

"But, as it happens, except a senior or two, the boys are not aware that we've traced it to you. So it may be that we can keep this shame from your young brother, can avoid visiting, so to speak, your sins upon him."

Trytton's head came up.

"In this manner, Trytton. It had been my intention to keep you whether or no you secured the normal remove. But now we will assume that I am sending you away for failing to do so. Of course, you and I and your father will know better, and so will the staff and perhaps one or two seniors. But they shall be warned to keep a still tongue in their heads."

"It will be given out that I'm superannuated, sir?"

"It will," said the Head.

"Then the school won't know, sir, that you've found out about the—the Fitch business?"

Trytton's voice was steady with every word now.

"Necessarily not. So far as the school knows it was somebody in the town who ill-treated Fitch so." The Head paused a moment. "We break up on Thursday," he resumed, "but you will go tomorrow morning, and carry on in the meantime as if nothing had happened. The circumstance that you are leaving a day or two earlier will, as likely as not, be put down to family convenience."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," said Trytton.

"I am considering your brother, Trytton; that's all. He shall have a clean start, and we'll hope (the grave voice had softened) that he'll make a better show, as you put it, than you did." Then he rose and held out his hand. "There, I'm sorry," he said. "Mr Leonard will look you out your train in the morning."

As soon as he was alone Trytton's mind, retracing the events which had brought him to this, were racked with every pang of bitter reproach. What a fool he had been! If only he had given Fitch a wide berth, had been content to leave the old fellow alone; if he hadn't—but what was the good? He'd been asking for trouble all the term; now he'd got it.

But, all the same, what about that chap he had thought was his friend? That smooth, clever customer's story tallied all right; the Head himself had checked it. Oh, yes, it tallied; not a single visible flaw in it. But, all the same—

But, all the same—Mark Trytton's tortured mind could beat nothing else out. Yet what was the good of kicking? The price must be paid. But for whom was he paying that price? For the smooth, clever customer?

"I wonder," he muttered. "I wonder." He couldn't help wondering. "But I've got to help it," he growled. "The thing's finished and done with."

CHAPTER 2
The First Day of Term

IN front of the strip of wood suspended inside the door of the day-room devoted to the juniors of Palgrave House, a House of no mean account among those of Sandhill, a smallish boy was standing with his head on one side.

He had the room to himself. He possessed an unruly mop of hair which stood up all round, despite the brightest efforts of barbers to tame it, and a spirit which was easily moved to mirth, if the expression on his quick features be any gauge. For he was regarding that piece of wood in the most comical way. And what was there comical in it?

It was merely a strip, or plaque, of light polished wood, ten inches long or so, by five inches broad, on which somebody with a hot poker had branded some verse. Nothing comical so far, nothing at all.

And nothing in the verse that was comical either.

Sing you a song in the garden of life
If you only gather a thistle,
Sing you a song as you travel along,
And if you can't sing, just whistle.

"That's all very fine," the smallish boy uttered aloud, "but what have you got to do when you can't sing or whistle? I can't whistle; I never could." He puckered his lips up, he twisted them, he pursed them, drew air in, expelled it; but all he got was the sound of a football deflating.

"The best I've done yet!" he said very cheerfully.

Just as well that there was nobody else in the room, seeing that his next surprising procedure was to drop his left hand down, rear his right shoulder up, and turn a cart-wheel like any acrobat's boy. "I ought to get on all right in the gym here!" he said, and turned another, and another, unblush-

ingly, which brought his head with a bump against the long table; but he gave it a rub and cocked it on one side again for a friendly argument with the verse on the door.

"Look here, old boy," he said, addressing the plaque solemnly, "you've got it all wrong. You don't have to sing or whistle to show that life's jolly, if that's what you're driving at. Life is jolly."

He drove this home with a nod that left no doubt about it.

"Besides, you don't want to go picking thistles. Who does? You take my tip and leave thistles alone when you see them. Only silly mugs pick thistles. They prick."

He was now conducting a regular conversation. "I expect you've hung there a long time?" he said to the plaque.

If silence gives consent, it certainly had.

"Have you ever seen me before?"

The plaque merely stared at him.

"No, of course you haven't, you silly old humbug," he laughed. "You've never seen me before because today's my first day and you wouldn't be having the treat of this chat with me now if the other chaps didn't mostly come back tomorrow. But listen to me," he went on. "According to you I've come to this show to root about after thistles. You never made a greater mistake in your earthly life! I've come to Sandhill to have a jolly good time. And I'm going to have it, whatever you say. How's that?" He nodded again and snapped his finger and thumb.

"Though I wish old Mark was here," he added reflectively.

As he had just now reminded the plaque, today was the first day of the September term; that sort of semi-day on which new boys roll up, some diffident, some tongue-tied, some out of their depth, but all of them doing their best to conceal their strange feelings. If any vestige whatever of shyness and strangeness lay in hiding behind this shock-headed youngster's high spirits it may have peeped out again at the thought of his brother who had left so unexpectedly only last term.

As he turned from the door a cloud crossed his face.

"Yes; I do wish old Mark was still here," he said under his breath. The discovery was made on the following morning. The day-room was pretty full then, and Gosling, that great man, the oldest chap in the junior school, as he boasted, was telling them all what he'd been doing with himself in his holidays when a voice at the back shouted out:

"I say! Look at our motto!"

"Shut up! Don't interrupt," cried Gosling irately. But Dumphy, as dull as his name, growled "Motto! What motto?"

"Our chunk of wood on the door," answered the voice.

This sent all eyes to the door. "It's there," grunted Dumphy. "Go on, Gosling, old boy. You had got to Lausanne."

"Yes," said Gosling in his far-reaching tones, "we got out at Lausanne and into a tram, and I said to the conductor—"

"Never mind what you said, Gos," broke in the voice. (It belonged, as they saw now, to Bonner.) "Take a squint at the door, Gos."

"What's the matter with the door?" bellowed Gosling.

"Nothing," Bonner informed him. "Nothing at all. But our plaque doesn't look the same."

"It looks the same to me," said Gosling profoundly.

"Then you ought to have had your eyes seen to at Lausanne."

Bonner said this with a laugh. He thought it was funny. So it was to those who chafed when Gosling rode roughshod and to those who were bored by his terrible, long-winded yarns which rarely had any point and were all about himself.

Gosling regarded him dubiously for a moment.

"Oh, look at the door, Gos."

All of them were crowding round it by now. Ejaculations and exclamations came freely.

"The verse has changed!"

"How can it have changed?"

"But it has!"

"Read it out, someone!"

So Hammond raised his voice, reading:

I can't sing a song
For my voice is all wrong,
And I'm sorry to say I can't whistle;
But be blowed to this rhyme,
We can have a good time
And leave DONKEYS to gather the thistle.

Be blowed to their rhyme, indeed! What presumption was this!

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO FOUND OUT

MOTHER JACKO was busy spring-cleaning, and Jacko was rather enjoying himself.

At first Mother Jacko found some jobs for him, but after he had kicked over one pail of water and left another where Father Jacko fell over it, he thought it best to get out.

Mother Jacko heaved a sigh of relief.



Mother Jacko was belabouring him with her umbrella

"Anyhow, he can't get up to much mischief in the garden," she murmured, and, when the cleaning was finished, off she went to pay Miss Ape a visit.

Miss Ape was very pleased to see her, and the two ladies had a nice chat about their gardens. "My bulbs are a lovely sight," said Mother Jacko. "You must come round and see them."

And then she caught sight of some lovely pots of hyacinths in Miss Ape's room.

"Those are very fine flowers," said Mother Jacko, feeling rather envious.

"I suppose you grew them yourself?"

Miss Ape shook her head.

"I wish I could say I had!" she ex-

claimed. "As a matter of fact, I bought the pots only this morning from a man in the street. Why, I do declare there he is, going past now with his barrow!"

Mother Jacko behaved in a very strange way when she looked out of the window. She gave a scream, seized her gloves and umbrella, and rushed into the street.

"Well, I never did!" said the old lady, looking out of the window.

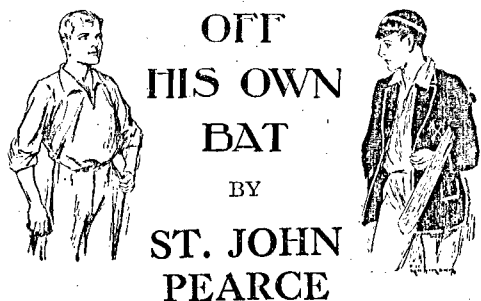
There was Mother Jacko hanging on to the man with the barrow and belabouring him with her umbrella!

"What's all this to-do?" shouted a policeman, rushing up. "Leave go of this old man."

But the moment she did so the old man took to his heels, leaving behind him a long overcoat and a false beard!

The policeman scratched his head. "Well, mum, perhaps you'll be good enough to explain," he said.

Mother Jacko sat down heavily on the pavement. "My boy and my bulbs," she said weakly.



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HIS OWN
BAT
BY
ST. JOHN
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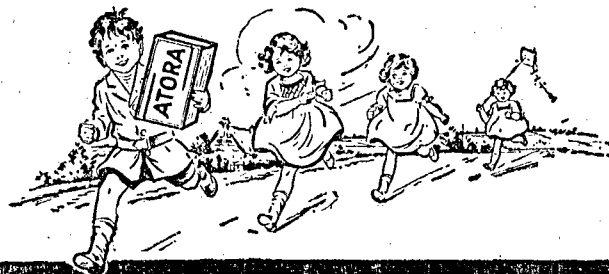
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G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

Stamp Collecting.

For the convenience of those of our readers who are interested in Foreign Stamps, announcements of reputable Stamp Dealers are classified under the heading of The Stamp Collector's Corner.

This feature appears every alternate week in The Children's Newspaper.

WATCH THE C.N.
for April 25.

The Ills of
Springtime
call for the
easy, pleasant
correction of

ANDREWS

To purify the
blood and to
cleans the
system.

4 oz Tin 9/-
8 oz Tin 1/4

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

April 11, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

The Kolynos Kiddies No 6



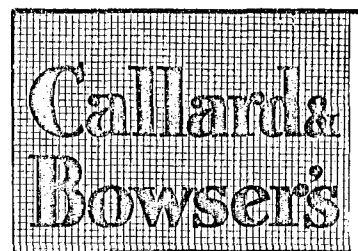
The Kolynos Kiddies
Were taken one day
To see a fine circus
Olympia-way.

A trapeze-artist swung
From a rope by teeth white.
They clapped: "He uses Kolynos
Morning and night!"

It's easy to tell when teeth are well-cared-for, and there's nothing better for them than Kolynos. Besides, it's fun to use! Half-an-inch of paste from the daffodil-coloured tube squeezed out on to a firm, dry brush is enough for each occasion. Kolynos makes a lovely foam in the mouth, and with careful brushing cleanses every particle of food from between the teeth, leaving them white and germ-free. There's a deliciously sweet, clean taste in the mouth after using.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos Free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50F), Chonias Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post. All dentists recommend Kolynos; every Chemist sells it.



famous
Thistle Butter-Scotch
is now sold in special
penny packets for the
..... children

Ask your Confectioner

also in
1-lb. Packets 6d.
1-lb. Packets 1/-
and round airtight
Tins 1/-



CALLARD & BOWSER, DUKES RD., W.C.1.

CUT THIS OUT
CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/6 De Luxe Model 2/- extra.

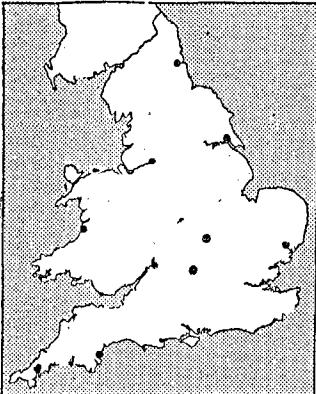


THE BRAN TUB

A Simple Catch

HERE is a very simple sum which, owing to its simplicity, will catch many of your friends. Ask what two numbers multiplied together make seven. Of course the answer is seven and one, but it is surprising how many people miss the obvious.

A Geographical Puzzle



TEN well-known towns or cities are marked on this map of England and Wales. When you have found them, arrange them in such order that the initial letters spell the name of another city in the Midlands. Answer next week

When Genius Blundered

FOR thirty-four years George Meredith was literary adviser to a famous firm of publishers. Shortly after taking up his position he rejected Mrs Wood's East Lynne, recording in his notebook that his opinion was emphatically against it.

Over a million copies of this famous novel have since been sold.

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters across to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, will make the name of a spring flower.

***** Girl
*O***** Weighed
O*** Lower
O** Muddled
****O***** Secular
*****O***** Blown up
*****O***** Terrible
*****O***** Sensible
Answer next week

Let On Parle Français



La grue souève une lourde charge.
Les commis travaillent au bureau.
Le concert a eu lieu samedi soir.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

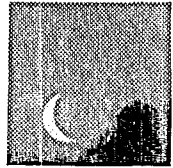
YEARS ago a dentist came to practise in a country village.

But, although he was a clever, honest little man who understood his work, not a single patient came knocking at his bright, new brass knocker, for the rustics distrusted strangers and preferred to take their aching teeth to the village blacksmith, who was willing to pull them out for sixpence, though it was true that he sometimes very nearly pulled their heads off too.

With a wife and three small children to support the poor little dentist was on the brink of despair when, late one dark night, a loud knock was heard upon his door.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. In the evening Mercury is in the West; and Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on April 14.



Letter Subtraction

START with a word meaning full of life, take away one letter, and make a word meaning marked with lines. Continue this process until only one letter is left, forming on the way words with the following meanings: Fairy, attempts, a row, fasten, pronoun.

The order of the letters may be altered as necessary. Answer next week

The Whitethroat

THE whitethroats are now arriving in England for the summer, the male birds several days in advance of the females.

This bird is sometimes called the nettle-creeper from its habit of frequenting nettles. It often sings its song while fluttering some twenty feet high, and then, as the song ends, descending suddenly to the hedge or bush which contains its nest.

The throat and underparts are pinkish-white and the back is reddish-brown.

Drinking the Water

PUT a glass of water on the table and cover it with a hat. Say that you will drink the water without touching the hat. Of course you will be challenged. Put your head under the table and make a gurgling noise as if you are drinking. Naturally everyone will be eager to see if the water is gone; and somebody is sure to lift the hat up. When this happens you simply lift the glass and drink its contents, and it is obvious that you have drunk the water without touching the hat.

What Is It?

IN the cupboard but not in the box,
In the chicken but not in the fox,
In the window but not in the door,
In the beggar but not in the poor,
In the fountain but not in the pen,
In the lion but not in the den,
In the cement but not in the glue.
It may be seen at the London Zoo.
Answer next week

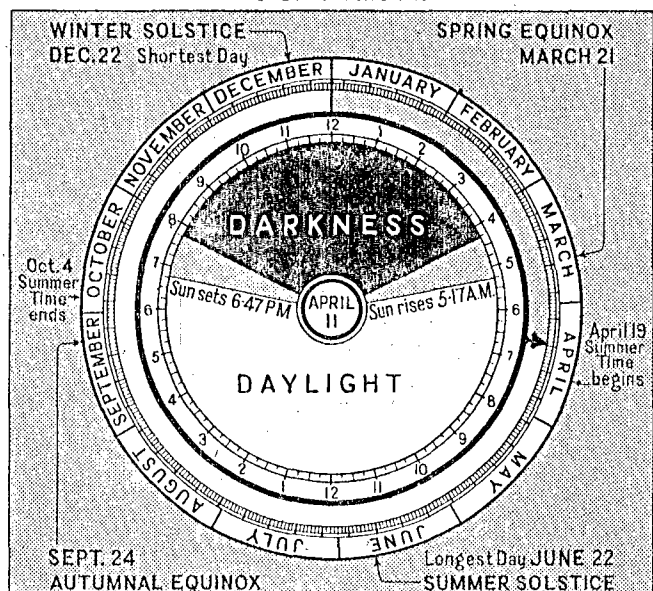
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

An Aluminium Alloy 35 pounds of 86 per cent and 77 pounds of 70 per cent.
A Picture Puzzle
S L O T
L A V E
O V E N
T E N T

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

OFFENCE BROADEN
NOON RAPID MOON
TRICKER TAN EBON
MELINE RATER MP
AA RIGMAROLE MA
TRACTADO SALAD
CEIL TRESS DOUR
HATEFUL EATABLE

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 11. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Trembling, the little dentist examined her huge jaw, and found a loose, inflamed tooth, which he extracted with such skill and gentleness that Alice, who had refused food for days, began to munch hay with enjoyment.

"And how much to pay?" asked her grateful master.

"Nothing. I am glad to put the poor beast out of her pain," said the dentist; and he hurried away, thankful to have escaped with his life.

The next day a free pass for seats for the circus came "with Alice's compliments."

That night the dentist and his happily excited little family took their places in the front row to watch the fun. There was a cheer when big

Alice marched into the circus ring, and cries of surprise when she suddenly stood still before the little dentist, trumpeted joyfully, then curled her trunk gently round him, and, raising him over the heads of his terrified family, placed him on her back.

Like all elephants, she never passed a friend, and here was the kind man who had taken away her toothache.

When the ringmaster came forward and explained why the little dentist was so honoured there was a roar of delight from the crowd; and from that day he never lacked patients, and was always ready to show the children his mascot—an elephant's tooth!